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The  
Mascoutens or Prairie Potawatomi  
Indians

PART III--MYTHOLOGY AND FOLKLORE

*By*  
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# The Mascoutens or Prairie Potawatomi Indians

## Part III—Mythology and Folklore

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## INTRODUCTION

Judged by the examples given here, which are all too few for an intensive study, the folklore and mythology of the Mascoutens is pure Central Algonkian with no Plains influences. There are some tales of apparent French origin, but their source is so patent as to need no comment. They occur with the other tales, but are not of them, and the native lore does not seem to have been in the least influenced by them.

In these folktales Wi'sakä, the culture hero, is seen in his true light as an all powerful culture originator. The stories are now considered trivial by the Mascoutens because of the modern custom which has grown up since the teachings of the Shawnee prophet, of denying the importance of this mythical personage. Whatever the present day Mascoutens may think or feel, Wi'sakä certainly once held a position of paramount importance among them as the founder of the greater part of their ceremonial life, and even of their material culture.

With the folklore and mythology have been included some biographical sketches and historical and other miscellaneous material of interest and value. The geographical names here given proved difficult to obtain, since the Mascoutens have not dwelt in southern Wisconsin for many years, and the terms surviving in our own geographical nomenclature are usually too corrupt for recognition. Moreover, it is probable that most Wisconsin Potawatomi place names, at least in the northern part of the state are in the *Na'nosi*<sup>2</sup> or Forest Potawatomi dialect, and are therefore sometimes difficult for a Mascoutens to understand.

Children used to carry tobacco to the old people on winter evenings, and beg them to tell them the ancient tales. When a number had gathered in the wigwam of some old man, he would hand the eldest boy a moccasin and instruct him to hit anyone over the head who fell asleep. The old man, himself, while narrating, would watch his audience for any signs of drowsiness, and at intervals demand of all of the children if they were asleep. They would all open their eyes as wide as possible and say, "No!", but the time would come when one would doze off and not wake up to answer, then the tale-telling would be ended. The next day the old man would try to catch his hearers of the night before, and demand of each that he repeat the tales that he had heard, and thus they learned the ancient lore.

## MYTHS

## THE CREATION OF THE WORLD

In the beginning there was nothing but water everywhere. No land could be seen. On the waves there floated a canoe, and a man sat in it and wept, for he had no idea what his fate would be. At length a muskrat clambered up on the canoe and said: "Hau, grandfather! What are you crying for?"

"Oh!" answered the man, "I have been here a long time, and I cannot find any land."

"But there is earth under all this water," replied the muskrat.

"Can you get me some?" asked the man.

"Yes," replied the animal, and he dove down and came up again with both hands full of mud. He dived again and brought up a ball of earth in his mouth.

"Are you all alone?" asked the man.

"No," answered the muskrat, and he called up to the canoe several aquatic animal chiefs. The first to come was a white muskrat.

"I hear that you want to see us," he said to the man.

"Yes, I want you to bring me some earth so that I can make the world, and I will also create on it a good place for you to stay."

"Hau," replied the animals, "We will start at once."

So they all began to dive, and the beaver came and helped them also. They saw their grandfather kneading the mud that they brought to him, and moulding it into a long column that reached from the surface to the bottom of the water. It projected above the waves, and he kept adding to it. They kept on day after day, until it was finally solid. At last there was considerable space there. It was big enough to walk on. Then the man planted a great tree there. He still added to his island.

As the man worked on the north end of his island he noticed in travelling back and forth that the ground grew dry and dusty. He asked his animal helpers how they liked what he had made, and they told him that it was a good place to sun themselves. He told them to persevere in bringing him earth, and he would make it still better. Thus he kept on, until the world was completed. Then he told his animal friends that it would be covered with green grass and trees. He took a stick and marked out where he wanted the rivers to run, and then he had the muskrats dig out the channels.

At last the man built a wigwam. When he had it ready the muskrats were close by in a lake, so he went over and planted rushes along the shore for their benefit. Then he got into his canoe and paddled out into the ocean, and called on the muskrats to help him again while he built another world. He built it up until it met the first one.

"Now," said he, "I have it the way that I want it."

One day he walked up to the north end of his island and found some people there. He approached them and inquired of them whence they came and when. They were the Potawatomi, and they asked him in their turn who he was.

"I am Wi'sakä," he replied.

"Well, we have heard of you, you must have come from above, as we did."

"No," answered Wi'sakä, "I have always been here, and I made this earth and all that you can see upon it."

"Well," said one, "This must be the Great Spirit."

"Yes," answered Wi'sakä, "That is who I am. Who can do any more than I have?"

"But, if you are the Great Spirit, why didn't you put us here?"

"You came too soon, there were others to precede you," he said to them, and they believed, and asked him what he ate. Wi'sakä told them that he lived upon muskrats and he ordered the muskrats to dive into the lake and fetch him yakepin roots. When he had plenty he told them to stop, and then he gave it to the Indians. They camped beside his lodge and he lent them his cooking utensils. He showed them how to make clay kettles, and how to cook their food.

Wi'sakä likewise showed the people the forest that he had made, and in the woods he showed them how to peel bark and make household utensils. He showed them how to make string to tie their lodge poles together. He instructed them how to gather and prepare reeds to weave mats, and how to make rush-mat lodges. The next day he told them that there would be animals in the world, and at his command deer, buffalo, and other game appeared.<sup>1</sup>

#### THE ORIGIN OF THE POTAWATOMI (FIRST VERSION)

The Potawatomi first came down from the heavens on the coast of the Atlantic Ocean near their grandfathers, the Delawares. We

<sup>1</sup>This version of the Potawatomi origin myth was obtained from Wa'pükä, and, as will be noted, differs in many details from the version obtained from John Núwi of Arpin, Wis.

suppose that it was somewhere near where the State of Maryland is today. There is said to have been a great bay on both sides of the land where we were. Then the Potawatomi seem to have worked northward around the Great Lakes, then westward until we got to the plains of Indiana and Illinois.

The first white people that the Potawatomi ever met were the Quakers, but the French were the first whites with whom we became intimate. These people we met when we were north in Canada, before we crossed the straits and came down into this country. The land at that time was thickly timbered, and full of wild turkeys. We worked southward through it towards the prairies.

Our ancestors had long-maned, hairy, bearded horses in Canada that they brought down here with them. They were low built and heavy set. In winter they fed them by cutting maple boughs and twigs for them.

The old people say that there were at least four places along the Atlantic seaboard where there were caves inhabited by horned underworld panthers at one time.<sup>2</sup>

#### THE ORIGIN OF THE POTAWATOMI (SECOND VERSION)

The Potawatomi people came from above, and were placed on the earth by the Great Spirit. The first person whom they encountered after their arrival was a man whom they found sitting beside a fire. He spoke to them, saying: "Hau, my friends, my brothers! Sit here and warm yourselves."

The Potawatomi gathered round the fire and talked to him. They told him that the Great Spirit had placed them on this island, the earth, but he said that he was the one who had called them there. He said that he had made the earth and all that they could see there growing was his creation. He said that he was glad that they had come, and that, in order to live, they must hunt and kill game. For this purpose he told them they must have bows and arrows, and he showed them how these were made and used.

This being who seemed human was Wi'sakä. He was the first person that the Potawatomi met on earth. In those days the deer were gentle and one could make himself a bow and arrow, shoot down,

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<sup>2</sup>This myth, obtained from Wa'pukä, although containing several improbable details, bears out the oft-repeated assertion of these people that their original home was in the east near the Delaware.

skin, and butcher a deer while the rest of the herd looked on without fleeing.

The Potawatomi learned fast to make a better and ever better living. Wi'sakä taught them to make pots of earth and burn them hard in the fire. He taught them to take a deer's paunch, clean it, tie up the top with a bark string and place a wooden cross piece to hold it open. This they could fill with water and hang over the fire and it would cook meat as well as any other vessel. Besides it slowly cooked itself as it was used. The Potawatomi learned to use animal paunches first, before Wi'sakä showed them how to make earthen kettles.

Wi'sakä showed them how to make axes of stone, and knives that they chipped out of flint with blows of other stones. The axes were really sharp enough to cut wood. He showed them how to dig in the ground by using a three-cornered stone tied at right angles to the end of a wooden handle.

After they had lived at their place of arrival on the earth for some time, Wi'sakä left them, promising to return. When the time was up, he did indeed come back. He told them that it was plain that they were doing well, but that now they needed a chief.

"Not so," they replied, "We have one already, and that is the Great Spirit."

Wi'sakä laughed, "Don't you think I am the Great Spirit?" he asked. "Where is your Great Spirit? I can do anything. I want you to be noted in the world, so you must have a chief to rule you."

On this account the Potawatomi appointed a man from the Fish clan to be chief. Wi'sakä told him how to give orders, and helped him. After a while Wi'sakä again went to the people and said: "You are going to have troubles with other nations from time to time, so I am going to give you a *pextcigosan* or sacred bundle to help you. You will worship and rely on it and call on it for help when you are in danger."

So Wi'sakä made the first sacred bundle for the tribe. He showed them how to use it. He placed a rattle in it and ordered them to kill deer and other game to feast it. He said that they must feast it four times a year, in the Spring, Summer, Autumn, and Winter, and that the principal meat they were to use for the feasts was to be the flesh of a dog. The Potawatomi had thought, up to that time, that the dog was given them only for company.

Wi'sakä told them that if a man fell ill he must take a dog that he had sacredly raised, tie tobacco on its feet, and talk to it, telling it

that he was going to "change life with it," as he wanted to get well. He must then kill the dog, make a feast, and invite the people. After the feast, the sick man would get well. Everybody believed implicitly what Wi'sakä told them.

The more the Potawatomi wandered from their original place the more they saw of other Indian tribes. Previously they had thought that they were the only people whom the Great Spirit had placed on earth, although Wi'sakä had told them that there were other nations.

At length Wi'sakä said to the Potawatomi, "This is not all there is to life. Your chiefs must be Braves. You must learn to conduct yourselves as men in this world. Each must be a MAN. Now you must have a warbundle to protect yourselves when others attack you. Don't you want to change your names and be MEN?"

The Potawatomi had only stone-tipped spears, arrows and warclubs, and they did not understand what Wi'sakä meant nor did they desire to go out and kill their fellow men. They thought that life was hard enough as it was. So they did not respond readily until they were attacked by another tribe. Then Wi'sakä came to them again.

"That is what I told you, you need a bundle to protect you," he said, and he made them the first warbundle. "This will protect you in the future," he told them, "just take even a feather from it, and it will help you when you wear it."

In those days people ran up to each other in war and had hand to hand conflict with warclubs, and whoever was the bravest, or strongest, or luckiest, won the combat. The Potawatomi used their first warbundle with success, and Wi'sakä changed the names of all the warriors. That made all the young men of the tribe desire to have the same distinction. They wanted to kill their neighbors, steal horses, and "build up their names." The warbundle came to be worshipped above anything else. Tobacco was constantly burned in its honor, and bird's feathers and skins were added to it. Wi'sakä kept on making bundles for each clan until the tribe was completely equipped.

At length, Wi'sakä said that he was going away for a long time. "When I return to you I will come back as a newborn babe," he said. "I will first go back where we all came from. You all know what to do for yourselves now. You know how to run the tribe. Keep on, with the protection of these things that I have made for you."

A long time after this, a young woman, a chief's daughter, told her mother that she was pregnant. It was a mysterious case, for she



had never gone with any man. The only thing that she could guess was that when she was swimming one day she had had a peculiar sensation while in the water. Her mother told the chief himself. Both she and her husband were naturally much displeased, but the chiefs and braves talked it over and said that in their opinion perhaps it was the return of Wi'sakä.

At length the girl gave birth to a child. It was a very bright boy who learned to walk and talk while extremely young; was skilled with a bow and arrow, and who, in short, could do almost anything. He grew up to manhood, and then he vanished. For about three or four years no one knew where he was. Then he came back as a mature man. It was indeed Wi'sakä. He went to his mother's lodge and asked her who she was. She answered, giving her name, "Kiwä'tewûn," or "Water-flowing-backwards." Then she asked him who he was, and he told her, Nemä'go, or "Fish-turning-to-the-sun". "But," he added, "my right name is Wi'sakä."

All the people were greatly impressed, but long after, they found out that Wi'sakä had played a trick on them, and that this boy was Wi'sakä's. Wi'sakä had really slept with the chief's daughter and the boy was his child.

Wi'sakä succeeded in turning all the tribes against each other for no reason at all. They fought each other only to build up their names. He went to each tribe and gave them all the same talk and the same presents. He taught them all to fast and go naked and blackened, even in the winter. He taught them the rite of adopting someone to fill the place of a dead person. Finally Wi'sakä became so wicked that people noticed his trickery. The more he taught them the worse they grew.

They fasted to learn the right way to live, but they could not quite learn it, for Wi'sakä still had them in his power. He made them dream of him, and the way to make new sacred bundles. He appeared to people on hunts, in order to increase his glorification.

At length, in order to show the people what he could do, Wi'sakä went to a lake and called to him all the water-fowl, swans, geese, and ducks. He tied them all together and fastened the cord to his waist. They rose in the air, flew across the ocean and dropped him there, and that was the last that the Potawatomi ever heard of him. They say that he is immortal and that he is still on the farther side of the northern ocean, where he was placed as a punishment when he tried to show the Indians that he had power over birds.

From that day to this the Potawatomi have wondered and studied over the teachings of Wi'sakä. Some believe in them and some do not, so that there is a confusion in their ways and rites.

It is said that the Potawatomi had no fire when they were put on earth by the Great Spirit, but that they obtained it from Wi'sakä, who was already sitting by a blaze and warming himself when they met him. They say, moreover that this fire was wrong and an evil thing. Some have tried to put it out, but others have held to it. In the early days they would set a huge log afire, and people who wanted fire would come to it and light brands which they carried in their hands. In this way fire was preserved for generations, until a man discovered punk, and learned that it would catch a spark thrown off by two flints struck together, and that the spark could be made to ignite dry grass, and thus a fire might be started.

This man was pleased with his discovery and he told the chief who called all the people and announced it to them. They lighted their pipes with it and smoked. Then the chief said: "This is good. Now we have a clean way of our own of making fire, and we can put out Wi'sakä's blaze which is evil, and use this."

Everyone rejoiced. They saw that the man lit his punk with the fourth stroke of the flint, and they knew by this that it must be good, so they sacrificed tobacco to the Great Spirit in thankfulness. Before this they could not go far on their hunts, because they had to carry their fire with them in a clay pot. The very first time that they went hunting after the discovery by this man they came to a prairie which they could not have crossed at all if they had had to carry their fire with them, but now they only laughed, for they were possessed of a new way that enabled them to go as far as they desired.

## TALES OF THE CULTURE HERO

### Origin of Catamenia

Wi'sakä was living alone with his grandmother and they had plenty of food. Wi'sakä got some blood, and when his grandmother went out of the lodge he sprinkled it all around where she had been sitting. When she returned, he said; "Grandma, you must not eat with me. You have become catamenial."

"No," said the old woman, "that cannot be." But Wi'sakä took her and showed her the blood, and from that time on it became that way with all women. So women are obliged to eat and dwell in a tiny

lodge outside of the wigwam once a month. Should a woman conceal her sickness and eat in the house, she will shorten her man's life.

When Wi'sakä caused his grandmother to be sick he also told her of the danger that she would be to men so she told the chief woman of the nearest settlement who gave a feast and announced the happening and the new custom to all her people. Wi'sakä had intended to shorten men's lives by this means, so he was angry with his grandmother for telling the people about it.

#### The Shut-Eye Dance (First Version)

Wi'sakä could understand the language of every animal. One time he arranged a dance and invited the geese, swans, ducks, and cranes. He told them that they were to dance with their eyes closed tightly and only to open them at the intermissions. As they danced by, he caught the swans and wrung their necks. When one shrieked aloud he would say, "That's right, my little brothers, whoop!" *Si'mu*, the Old-squaw-duck, finally became suspicious and peeped. She saw what was happening and cried, "Wi'sakä is killing us!" All the ducks and swans fled. As a punishment Wi'sakä caused *Si'mu's* eyes to turn red.

Wi'sakä buried the fowls in the ashes of his fire to cook. He was very hungry as he sat there, waiting. Presently he heard two trees squeaking where they rubbed together. It made him so nervous that he climbed up to burn the place where they met with a firebrand. In trying to do this, his arm slipped in between them and he was caught.

While he was a prisoner, two Winnebago who were passing by in a canoe saw the smoke and came over to investigate. They found the swans all nicely roasted, and sat down and ate them all. Then they departed, and when they were nearly out of sight the trees loosed Wi'sakä, and he came down. When he found that there was nothing left of his feast he became very angry, and shaking his fist at the Winnebago, he cried: "You will be called Winnebago or "Stinkers," all your lives! You will be thieves from this day on!" This is the reason that they are still noted as foul smelling, and as thieves.

#### The Shut-Eye Dance (Second Version)

One time Wi'sakä persuaded the waterfowl to dance for him with their eyes shut. When he had succeeded in killing a quantity of them he buried them in the ashes to cook. While they were baking, he lay down to sleep, first telling his buttocks to warn him if anyone came.

Wi'sakä had not been asleep long before his buttocks alarmed him, for the Winnebago were approaching. Wi'sakä paid no attention to the warning, so the Winnebago pulled the ducks from the ashes and ate them. When finished they put the feet of the birds back in the fire leaving them sticking out as before. Wi'sakä pulled out one of the feet, and sucked at it, thinking it had come away from the rest of the bird because it was cooked too much. He repeated this several times and then raked away the ashes and found that his birds were gone.

Wi'sakä got very angry at his buttocks, and cried, "Why didn't you keep watch as I told you to?"

"I did tell you, but you paid no attention to me," it answered.

Wi'sakä made a fire and burnt his buttocks to punish them, and he also scratched them with brush until they bled. The blood turned the willows red, and Wi'sakä, looking at them remarked, "Well, my uncles (the people) shall have this to mix with their tobacco hereafter."

#### Wi'sakä Turns His Grandmother to a Stone

Wi'sakä and his grandmother were trying to kill beaver on the shore of Lake Superior. He found their tracks and calling his grandmother told her to sit and watch the trail while he dug out the beaver. The trail led across a point of land to a bay and he thought that they were likely to run that way.

Wi'sakä dug into the beaver lodge, and caught one of the animals by the tail and flung it up on the trail. It ran away from him over the path, and Wi'sakä, pursuing it, found his grandmother fast asleep. He grew very angry and pushed her, exclaiming: "You are good for nothing! You only keep your mind on men!" He turned her into a rock and there she may still be seen.

#### Wi'sakä and the Buzzard

Long ago the buzzard was a pretty bird. It felt itself to be superior to all other members of the feathered class, and Wi'sakä was jealous of it, but there was no way in which he could get hold of it, even on the highest mountains and tree tops. The buzzard, on its part, would not even look at Wi'sakä, much less talk to him. This made Wi'sakä angrier than ever.

At length, Wi'sakä found a dead deer, and collected some dead moose and other animals, and piled them where he hoped the buzzard would find them and eat so much that he could not fly. The crows,

ravens, and other birds flocked to the place so numerously that Wi'sakä could not even drive them away, but the buzzard would not come. This made Wi'sakä still angrier, so he got another dead moose, and put that out, but only ravens came to feast on it. He found still another moose that was drowned and watched that. This time the buzzard came, but the ravens drove it away. Then Wi'sakä transformed himself into a dead elk, and drove off the swarming ravens with clubs. So they lit on trees and warned everyone that the dead elk was really Wi'sakä. The buzzard heard them, but did not believe their story, because the elk smelled so badly.

At last, the buzzard came up to the carcass and bit at its rump and found it tender. It saw some delicious looking fat inside, and finally thrust its head and neck in to reach it. Then Wi'sakä closed the opening and sprang up with the buzzard entrapped. "There," said he, "I knew that I would catch this pretty bird some day."

He went everywhere and showed all the people the helpless buzzard caught by the head. The birds, having talked it over, told Wi'sakä that they thought it was not fair, and they offered to take Wi'sakä away up above if he would free their brother. Wi'sakä then loosed the buzzard, who volunteered to carry him aloft on his back.

Wi'sakä straddled his neck, and the buzzard took him up on a high mountain, and there made him dismount telling him that the birds would return for him later. But they never did, and Wi'sakä was left in a place from which he could not escape.

He besought an eagle to help him by bringing him a very big stick. When the eagle brought it, Wi'sakä slew the bird and stretching its wings over the stick, he jumped down, holding the middle of the pole and relying on the wings to act as a parachute and let him down gently. He landed in a hollow tree down which he fell, and was caught again.

Some Indians who were out hunting saw their dogs barking at the tree where Wi'sakä was caught. The Indians supposed that they had found a bear, but when they chopped a hole in the tree, out stepped Wi'sakä, who told them how he came to be entrapped.

Wi'sakä had held the buzzard in his body so long that the feathers were all worn off the creature's head, and it was foul smelling. In this way he had his revenge on the bird. The buzzard has ever since been obliged to reside in the south to protect his bald head.

"I want to reward you for saving me," said Wi'sakä to the Indians, "Here are some pretty feathers to put in your sacred bundle

but don't call them buzzard feathers; from now on they will be changed." The hunters told their people that the plumes were "Chief-bird feathers," and how they had rescued Wi'sakä from the tree and received the feathers as a reward.

Wi'sakä claimed that he had more power over the birds than the Great Spirit. The downfall of the buzzard was only due to his jealousy.

### Wi'sakä and The Enchanted Boys

Wi'sakä told two boys to go fishing, and to be sure to bring something home to him at midday otherwise disaster would overtake them. The boys obeyed him, one taking his gun, the other his fishing line. The fisherman baited his line with a big green grasshopper and tried to catch fish from a high bank. In casting his line he threw it behind him, and a big turkey gobbler ran up and swallowed the bait. The boy wrung the turkey's neck, and said, "Well, I have saved my life."

As the other boy came up with his gun, the fisherman said, "There are ducks here." So the boy bent his gun in the fork of a tree and fired. At that moment a fish leaped from the water and was pierced by the ball which circled round, killed all the ducks, and returning penetrated a tree behind the boy. The boy saw something running from the bullet hole in the tree, and discovered that it was honey. Beyond the tree lay a buck that was also struck by the bullet, which had passed through it and killed a large rabbit.

The boys ran back to get Wi'sakä to help them bring in their game. When they were skinning the buck it suddenly sprang up and started to run away. The hunter had a nail in his hand, which he dropped into his gun with some powder and firing, nailed the buck's ear to a tree.

"Where did you boys get all this power?" asked Wi'sakä, "You are even ahead of me."

"Oh! we obtained it from the Great Spirit," answered they.

"But I don't remember making you," said Wi'sakä.

"Are you, then, the Great Spirit?" asked the boys.

"Yes."

"Why are you always getting in trouble then?" they enquired.

"Now, you boys cook the buck's ribs for me, and I will give you some real power," said Wi'sakä, not answering them.

"What power can you possibly give us that we haven't got? Oh well, we will do it for you anyhow."

Now these boys, who were really the famed *pawisä'sûk*, or enchanted pygmies, cooked the meat as Wi'sakä wanted it, and put in maple sugar to sweeten it. Then they took their weapons and went on, while Wi'sakä carried the food in to his grandmother. He said: "We must catch these boys when they come back, they know many things that even I do not."

Even while he was saying this the boys were sitting on the very roof of his lodge listening to the conversation. They sneaked off and returned as though they had come from afar. Although they were forewarned, Wi'sakä managed to get control over them and hold them against their wills. So they decided to stay with him and his grandma and help them hunt. The grandmother, moreover, treated them well.

They set out in canoes, Wi'sakä and one boy in one, and the grandmother and the other boy in the second. When they camped, Wi'sakä who was jealous, determined to kill the two boys, so he pretended to go off. After a while he returned dressed as a Pawnee warrior. The boys had killed a turkey and were cooking it. They had skimmed off the grease and set it in a bowl by the lodge door. It reflected everything like a mirror, and presently they saw Wi'sakä peeping at them through the smoke hole of the wigwam.

The hunter boy took up his bow and said: "Grandma, when I got over there where that turkey was I raised my bow like this. I aimed it at the turkey like this, and I shot it like this." At that moment he let fly his arrow at Wi'sakä above him who rolled off the lodge with a crash.

"Oh! what did you shoot?" asked the old lady. "A spy," was the answer, "I saw him reflected in the turkey grease."

They all ran out, and there lay Wi'sakä, dead, but, as he was still disguised as a Pawnee warrior, they did not recognize him. When one of the boys ran to get the axe to chop off Wi'sakä's head he jumped up. The grandmother begged the boys to spare him, so they took him to the creek and washed him off. As he had lost an eye, they shot an arrow into the air and called for the eyes of an owl. When they had done this four times, an owl flew up hooting. They took one of its eyes and stuck it into Wi'sakä's socket instead of the one he had lost. At first it was crooked, so they had to do it over again before it was right. For this reason the eyes of Wi'sakä are said to look like those of an owl.

The boys now decided to steal a canoe and flee at night. When they were safely embarked, they sang a sarcastic song about Wi'sakä.

“We have lived with this World-maker  
With World-maker we have lived.”

“There they go,” said Wi’sakä to his grandmother.

“Yes, they left because you abused them. You have lost the two best hunters in the world.”

Wi’sakä felt very sorry, so he climbed a tree to see them, and heard them singing another song:

“He who calls himself World-maker tried to scare us, but we will show him who we are. He will never see us again, but we will stay around his wigwam invisible and bring him luck. He will be taken away from the world some day. We should have procured a wolf’s eye for him.”

Next day, Wi’sakä tracked the boys. He asked the wind where they had gone, and it answered; “Oh! I have heard of them. You will have to go up on yonder hill, where there is a big deep water hole on the summit. They are close to it watching to kill game. If you sit there and wait maybe they will come to you.”

Wi’sakä made himself into a bear and sat by the water hole. The boys came along presently, and one said to the other, “Brother, did you ever see a bear with an owl’s eye?” The other laughed. “It looks like Wi’sakä, hunting for us,” he said. They looked closer, and they saw where his own skin protruded from the bear’s hide. “Hello, Wi’sakä, what do you want?” they asked.

Wi’sakä resumed his own form. “Oh! my grandmother is sick, and begs you to come home to her.”

“No,” replied the youths, “We are taking care of her from where we are. You are the sick one.” Then they vanished, and Wi’sakä returned home and told his grandmother that he had had no luck. Just then the boys entered the lodge. The old lady fed them and told them that Wi’sakä had lied. She opened Wi’sakä’s sacred bundle and took out a whistle and a tiny wareclub. “Here,” said she, “You may want something some day from the Powers underground. This wareclub will vanquish or break anything from beneath, it comes from the Thunder.”

“Thank you,” the boys said, and went out. They desired to meet Wi’sakä again, so one of them put his ear to the earth and heard Wi’sakä coming, coughing and saying: “If I ever catch those boys, I will take their eyes out and they will have to give me some of their power.”

When Wi’sakä came up, the boys had altered the appearance of



his little sacred warclub. They had put a spike in the head and made an arrow of wax. They took these out and offered them to Wi'sakä. They told him he could break anything with the warclub and that the arrow would make all his journeys shorter. All he had to do was to shoot it and go where it fell and he would be at his destination. Wi'sakä was much pleased, and said: "I will reward you. You know the lodge close to where grandmother dwells? Go there and you will find that they have two young girls. I was going to marry them, but they will do what I tell them, so you can have them."

The boys thanked Wi'sakä and said that they would also give him a feather from the thunder-bird to wear in his hair. Wi'sakä knew that the boys derived their powers from the gods of the underworld who are at war with the Thunderers, and wondered how they could get Thunder power, so he asked them if they were lying, which they denied.

"No, you are the one who is fooling himself," they answered.

"How can I fool myself?" asked Wi'sakä. "I never did that."

"Well, watch, and you will learn some day."

"I wish you would kiss me, before you go," said Wi'sakä, meditating treachery.

"Oh! no. Wash your face with the water in which your new arrow has been dipped," they told him, "That will be enough."

The boys ran home and asked Wi'sakä's grandmother who the girls were that had been given them.

"Oh! you had better leave them alone," she answered, "They are Wi'sakä's wives, whom I feed."

"Why! he said that they were unmarried."

The boys hid themselves and soon Wi'sakä came home. "Grandmother," quoth he, "I have got a sacred bundle from the two boys. It will help us. In return I have given them the two daughters of Pûkûmûkikwä, the Toad-woman. Now I am going over to her lodge to sleep, but they are not to know."

The boys went over as soon as Wi'sakä was asleep and placed a rotten log on each side of him. They set them afire and covered them over. The logs smoked, so that Wi'sakä stuck his head out and coughed. At last he ordered the women to attend the fire, but they did not answer. Meanwhile the invisible boys blew on the fire and made it worse. At last Wi'sakä was burnt, and sprang up. He saw that he was deceived, and the women laughed at him from across the lodge and told him that they would leave him. Wi'sakä threw out the

smouldering logs, snatched up his warclub and struck the lodge, which vanished, with all that was in it. Then the boys reappeared. "Where are our women?" they demanded. "We saw you hit and beat both of them."

Wi'sakä started to run after them with his club to kill them, but he slipped, fell and struck himself on his head breaking it. The boys escaped, and grandmother came over and saw that Wi'sakä had killed himself with his own club. She also saw that her power was gone from it. She blew her whistle and they returned. "*Hau pahisä, pahisä,*" she exclaimed, "My grandson is dead." Wi'sakä raised his head. "Yes, I am nearly gone," said he.

The boys laughed and brought his head together again, drawing it into a point. They made Wi'sakä's nose sharp, and his mouth huge. "Now you are better off than ever," they told him. "You can drink out of anything." They ran over and told Wolf, "We have made Wi'sakä like a crane, with a long bill. He is likely to come over here, and, if you hate him, as it is said that you do, now you can get even with him."

Wi'sakä felt proud of his new appearance. "How nicely they have fixed me," he thought, "Now I will change myself into a crane and go over and visit Wolf."

He went over to Wolf's lodge and called like a crane, so Wolf invited him to eat. "You look good now, Wi'sakä," he said.

"Oh! yes, I am much improved," answered Wi'sakä. Wolf hated Wi'sakä because the latter made him void his excrement from fear whenever he saw him. As they ate, Wolf began to choke on a bone, so Wi'sakä put his head in Wolf's mouth to pull it out. When he did this, Wolf promptly bit his head off, and went away, leaving Wi'sakä dead on the ground. He met the boys and said: "I have finished him with his long face." The boys ran over, but Wi'sakä was gone. Presently a cyclone came up and blew away Wolf's home. It would have killed them all, but the boys held up their arrows and cut the wind.

Then Wi'sakä thought that the boys were against him. Just then they heard Wi'sakä's grandmother whistle, so they ran to her. "I am going to give you a present because you cannot get along with Wi'saka", she told them. She handed them some thongs and strings, and a rock, and said: "You don't really need these, but I will give them to you. This is a leather and stone warclub. Throw it up in the air, but not at your enemies. It will fall on their heads and kill them." She gave one to each of the boys.

The boys went out hunting again, and they saw someone under an overhanging rock. They peeped in and could only see his feet. They watched, and finally saw that it was really Wi'sakä, changing himself into a little boy with a bow and arrow. "Now I will go and look for those boys," said he.

The boys ran over a hill and returned and met him, but remained invisible. One of Wi'sakä's moccasins became untied, and as he fastened it one of the boys jabbed him in the buttocks with a sharp stick. Wi'sakä sprang up and shouted, "Oh! a snake has bitten me!" The boys threw down one of the thongs that grandma had given them, and it became a snake.

Wi'sakä went on. "I wish I could get some fish," said he. The boys appeared before him on the creek bank fishing with a thong. "Oh! where have you been?" he asked, "Grandmother wants you." The boys said, "What is the matter with your face?" To this Wi'sakä replied, "Oh! Wolf bit me. I tried to save him from choking, and this is what he did."

"How would you like to be a helldiver, and catch lots of fish?" the boys asked Wi'sakä.

"I would be very happy then", said Wi'sakä.

Thereupon the boys gave Wi'sakä the power to see a great fish under the surface. Said one of the boys, "I will throw this stone down on that fish and it will shine there, so that you can see it more plainly." The boy did as he said, and Wi'sakä dived after the stone, but the fish swallowed Wi'sakä and the rock both. It swam on across the ocean and then vomited Wi'sakä up on the opposite shore.

The boys went to the grandmother of Wi'sakä and said: "Wi'sakä went across the ocean and took our magic stone with him."

"That is too bad," said the old woman, "but Wi'sakä will find his way back by means of that stone."

Meanwhile Wi'sakä dreamed that if he threw the stone across the water that he could follow it. He went to the bank and eased himself four times, once in each quarter of the compass. Then he stood in the middle and threw the stone. At first nothing happened, and the little birds of the water refused to help him, but at length Helldiver came along and told Wi'sakä to take one of his feathers, stick it in his ear, and dive. "No," said Wi'sakä, "I am afraid of that fish that swallowed me."

"Well then, take my wings."

Wi'sakä accepted these, put them on, and became a pelican. He

flew across the ocean to the place where the stone lay, and got there just in time to prevent a raccoon from seizing and making off with it. He snatched up the stone and swam out in the deep water with it, and the raccoon spoke to him, saying: "I saw two boys searching for you."

Wi'sakä came ashore and reassumed his own form. "What did you say, my little brother?" he asked the raccoon.

"They said if I should find that rock and bring it to them they would take me across the ocean where there are a lot of fish."

Wi'sakä would not give up the stone, but went up a hill where he concealed the stone in one of his moccasins, and went to sleep. Raccoon tracked him down, cut open the moccasin, and ran to Wi'sakä's grandmother with the stone. The old woman wanted to know where he got it and the raccoon told her that Wi'sakä had given it to him.

"Oh! he has been stealing from those boys again," was her comment and she rewarded the raccoon by tying four shells, one on each leg, at the same time telling him that no trap would hold him as long as he wore them. But the twin boys were too clever for her, they set a deadfall which did not catch the raccoon by one of his legs, but fell on his back and broke it. Wi'sakä tracked the coon to the trap and demanded of him where the rock was. "Take me out and I will tell you," said the unfortunate animal. He restored the coon and asked, "Where is my stone? That was the biggest medicine I ever had."

The raccoon led him to his grandmother's. "Grandmother, if this man lies I will kill him. Did he give you my stone?" asked Wi'sakä.

"Yes, he did. But it belongs to the two boys."

"Oh! no, grandmother, they gave it to me."

"Then I will return it to you to save this raccoon."

Just then the invisible twins slipped up to Wi'sakä and blew in his face, and he became fat like a ball and peglegged. They had magically blown the stone into Wi'sakä's belly, and he could not move.

"Now we will go away forever," said they.

The old woman tried in vain to get the stone out. She blew on her whistle, but the boys refused to have pity on her and stayed away. Finally, Wi'sakä began to pass toads and frogs, and the old woman took a bone and bladder and gave him medicine until the rock came away. Then Wi'sakä sprang up and set out to chase the boys, intending to kill them, but as he ran after them he fell over a precipice into the water, and was never seen again.

## The Adventure of Turtle and Wi'sakä

Once Turtle went round and called up all his waiters, asking them to come to his lodge very early in the morning. They came, accordingly, and on the way one met Rabbit, who said to him, "Where are you going?"

"Oh! we are bidden to come to our Brave's house."

"What is going on there?"

"Why, he desires us to sing and dance and otherwise to assist him in a ceremony."

"Why does he not ask us all to come then?"

"Well, as a matter of fact he is not yet ready", answered Mûsk-wakä, the Red-headed-turtle. "He has asked me only to sing."

Rabbit went on, and presently he met another hurrying along. "I say, where are you going, my brother?" said the newcomer.

"I am going to a dance," answered Rabbit.

"Where is the dance to be held?"

"Well, it is to be given at my grandmother's."

So Rabbit ran to his grandmother's lodge as fast as he could, so that he would be there when the messengers came to invite her to Turtle's ceremony, for he was afraid that he might be left out. However, he did not wish anyone to know how he felt about it. He went into her lodge and lay down, covering himself up.

"Where have you been, my grandson?"

"Oh! grandma, I have been hunting."

"You had better eat then."

"No, grandmother, I am too tired."

Presently they heard bells jangling, and a messenger entered. "Grandmother, you are wanted at our old Brave's house to dance and afterwards there is to be a race." said the messenger, "Who is that over there?"

"Why, that is my grandson, Rabbit."

"Then he had better come too, grandma."

"All right," shouted Rabbit, in delight, and he threw off his blanket and sprang up, and the messenger went on up the creek to invite others. A bird on a tree nearby heard all that was happening, and this bird was Wi'sakä. He heard the messenger say further that whoever won the race after the ceremony was to receive Turtle's daughter as a wife. When everything was ready at Turtle's wigwam Wi'sakä flew over to the door and became a fox and stood there. The girl was already dressed in her very best. "Old Brave" himself, (i. e.,

Snapping Turtle, so called because everyone knows that Snapping Turtle once went to war,) came out and announced that his daughter was to be the prize given to the winner of the race. Wi'sakä decided to play a trick on them, so he fell behind when they started to run around the lake, and when they had all passed him, he turned into a humming-bird, the swiftest of all living creatures, and passed them all. Becoming a fox again he trotted in before all the rest at the finish. So Wi'sakä got the girl, and none knew who he was.

After the celebration was all over, he went off as though he were going hunting, but when he got out of sight of the lodge he changed back into Wi'sakä, and returned once more, saying, as he entered the wigwam, "Hau, Turtle, where is your son-in-law?"

"Why, he has gone out," answered the old brave.

"Well, I have bad news for you. They are going to kill that fellow. However, if I meet him I'll tell him so that he can escape. It seems that he went to Crane's lodge, where he killed and ate all the children. They have traced him here and they know that he won the race, and married your daughter."

The family were all worried, and Wi'sakä went away leaving the woman very sad. He went straight to Crane's lodge, and said to Crane, "Go over there to Turtle's lodge and tell them that you are going to kill Fox because he ate your children."

"Why should I do that?" asked Crane, "I have no quarrel with those folks."

"Oh! that old Brave, Snapping-turtle, he is no good. I want to joke with him, he is always joking with someone else."

Crane still refused, so Wi'sakä went on home to his grandmother's wigwam. He sat down there and made himself a bow. Meanwhile, Crane, who was displeased with what Wi'sakä had told him to do, went over to Snapping-turtle's lodge and entered. He found the old Brave all armed and painted red, waiting to do battle with anyone who should come to injure his son-in-law. "Are you looking for trouble?" he asked as soon as Crane entered. "No," replied Crane. "Didn't my son-in-law bother you?" he asked. "No," answered Crane, "Wi'sakä has just been going around telling lies to make trouble." Turtle was surprised and turned to his daughter, "Why," said he, "This fellow has nothing against your man. Wi'sakä must have run him off for fear of Crane."

Meantime Wi'sakä magically knew everything that was happening and he laughed and said to his grandmother, "Grandma, go and

tell that girl over there that her husband wants her." His grandmother was surprised, "Who, grandson?" she asked. "Why I am the one, of course. I won her at the race. Look here!" Wi'sakä ran once around the lodge and straightway became a fox again. "Now! can you see me?"

The old lady said, "Yes, but you should not do such things."

"Well, grandma, I owe that Snapping-turtle one. They say that he never lets go of anything that he seizes until a drop of rain hits him in the eye. Now let us see what he will do."

So the old woman bore the message to the other lodge, but the old Brave refused to let his daughter answer it. "Let him come over here," he said. So grandmother returned and reported. Then Wi'sakä sent a rabbit out to invite everybody to attend a dance given by Fox at his Grandmother's. Old Brave, the Turtle, was especially invited to come and sing, so he arrived early with his gourd rattle, and met many on his way who asked him where he was going. When he told them, they said that they were coming too. Presently he even met Wi'sakä.

"Where are you going, old Brave," said Wi'sakä.

"To sing at my sister's lodge," he replied.

Wi'sakä promptly hurried off and became a fox again, and returned to accost Turtle once more. "Where is my wife?" he asked.

"Oh! she is coming too."

"But when I sent for her before she refused to come."

"Well, she will come now. It was I who refused to let her before."

Wi'sakä ran back to his grandmother's wigwam and sat there with his bow and arrows ready, hanging over the door. The dance started but everyone saw that Fox was not there. Wi'sakä danced with Turtle's daughter and talked to her. "Don't you know me?" he asked, "I am the man you married."

"No, I married Fox."

So Wi'sakä turned into a fox before her eyes to convince her but the girl ran away and told her father. He pushed her away, without listening, because he had to finish his song. Wi'sakä came up to her in his own form again, and she admitted that she believed him now. Presently the dance stopped, and Turtle told her to come home with him. "But I didn't really marry Fox, father, it was Wi'sakä. He said to tell you that if you didn't like it, there hang his bow and arrows. You had better be still."

When the winter had come, and there was ice over the lake, Turtle and his daughter fled home, and Wi'sakä challenged Turtle to a race, in which the loser was to forfeit his life.

"I am angry," said Turtle, "But I will race you. It is just the same as turning over my life, for you are great. We will race, you on the surface and me under the ice."

Now when the race started, there were four holes cut in the ice, along the course at intervals, and Turtle engaged three of his brothers to station themselves at the holes. Turtle himself was to dive in at the start with Wi'sakä, and he told the others to pop up their heads at the south, east, west and north holes just before Wi'sakä came up, so that he would think that he was behind. So Turtle won the race, but Wi'sakä told him to wait a moment, and stepped behind a tree and vanished, thus cheating Turtle.

In a little while a noise was heard, and a beautifully dressed Sauk woman was seen coming down the lake. As she approached she made a great impression upon Turtle, and as she came up she nudged him in the ribs with her elbow. "Dear me," she said, "I am almost dead. You nearly killed me."

"What do you mean?" said Turtle.

"Why, I have been hurrying to get to your dance."

"Oh no," said Turtle, "Whoever said that was fooling you. There was no dance, but I have just beaten Wi'sakä in a race, and I will kill him if he hasn't left the country."

Now it happened that this Sauk woman was in reality Wi'sakä himself, who had made himself a woman with a deer's throat in order to deceive Turtle, and make a fool of him. Turtle fell in love with her and asked her to marry him, to which she agreed. Turtle went over to the trader's and asked for credit, and bought her silver earbobs, beads and other finery. He took her home and had his daughter prepare supper for them. Then they retired, and suddenly Wi'sakä sprang up, turned into a animal and escaped. Turtle shouted for a light, and his daughter made one and found that Turtle was fast in Wi'sakä's, deer throat. Turtle saw the deception and cried, "I should have slain that woman instead of marrying her!" Just then, Wi'sakä came to the door himself, and stood there laughing at him.

"Now I have married you both," cried he, "Here I am, I am Wi'sakä, now do what you want to me."

But Turtle was so chagrined that he merely went into the lake and caused the waters to raise high. Then he called a council of all



the turtles, fish and other water creatures, and related to them what troubles he had had with Wi'sakä.

### A TALE OF THE MEDICINE DANCE

Once a woman died, and her name was Ki'pükítkwäo, or "She-is-stumbling-over." Everyone felt very badly, and, while they were all mourning over her, Wi'sakä came up. "Oh! that is nothing," said he, "Lay her on her face with her head to the west, and I will raise her again." He raised her up, and she came to life. He told her to keep what he had done secret for four days, while she prepared to hold a ceremony of the Medicine Lodge. Meanwhile, he went to get some other people from the Ojibway nation to whom he had formerly taught the ritual, to come over to assist. Following his orders, the Potawatomi prepared some food so that they also could be instructed.

On the fourth day, the Potawatomi built a *Mîte'okan*, or Medicine Dance structure, covered with rush mats. It had two fires in it. In the evening, after they had feasted, all for whom there was room, went into it. A great circle was formed outside, for those for whom there was no room within, where they might see and listen.

The first to speak was a chief. He said that the ceremony was one of the greatest gifts that the Indians had ever had, and that it came from Wi'sakä. No matter how sick a person was, yes, even if that person was already dead, he could be raised, and his life renewed, four times. All the people were astonished and delighted, so he continued and told them the secrets of the Lodge.

No one was allowed to remain longer who was not a member, as they were about to shoot their patient. Along towards evening they shot the woman with the essence of the power contained in their sacks, and she lay there, dead. All those present stood gaping in awe, for it was plain that she did not even breathe. Then they went through their secret rites and stood her on her feet again. The man who raised her even came around behind her and faced west and sang this song:

"Look all around. Look at everyone well. Be sure that you are alive. Be glad, and take two steps forward."

The leader than sang a second song:

"Walk on, my sister, watch your mouth! Hold your tongue from now on. Do not brag about your power. What we have given you is from Wi'sakä. Watch your mouth that you may be sure to hold your tongue."

After this he sang a third song:

“Go on now! Walk on round the Medicine Lodge. Place your hand on everybodys’ head. Thank them that you are yet alive. Thank them that you are one of their number. Walk on around.”

When she returned to the place that she had left, he told her that she must turn round and shoot him. This she did, raising her otter-skin bag and shooting him down. That showed what she could do. When he arose, the drum started for dancing, and they danced all night and all the next day. Food was cooked outside and brought in at morning, noon, and night for a feast. About four in the afternoon the ceremony ended.

In the center of the lodge was a ridge pole on which hung blankets, shawls, kettles, and other gifts. These were all given to the Ojibways who had helped. As they danced again a servant opened the door, and they all danced out and circled around the structure on the north entering again on the south side. They shot each other as they did this. Wi’sakā told them that there was no other rite, even that of the Wabano, which would prolong their lives. They were instructed to put their children into the lodge and teach them its laws. Those who were weak and sickly were to join and be cured by faith. Then they would have a long life. It was a great thing to swallow the white-feather, or “migis” for it would lodge in the breast, but could be taken out at will and swallowed again. He said, “You can take your otter-skin and doctor then, for you will have the White-feather’s power in you. When you die it will leave your body and go back to me. No one will ever find one in a grave. It is itself a live miteo.” (Member of the Medicine Lodge.)

After they had seen this ceremony, the Indians talked it over with great interest. They believed that it was great but, as years went by they began to grow corrupt and to use liquor at the ceremonies. The Wabano prophets who juggle with fire grew stronger, and the rites of the two groups became confused. Finally the Potawatomi did not know which to believe. The Wabano ate fire, drank boiling soup, and proclaimed that a member of the Medicine Lodge could not do anything so great. At length Wi’sakā returned, and noting the confusion and the rivalry he cut up and boiled the heart of a deer and called in the principal Wabano to eat it. He said to him:

“My friend, you claim that you can do wonders. Therefore I set this feast before you. Accept this spoon and eat.”

The magician refused the spoon, but he squatted before the kettle and made a long prayer. Wi'sakä told him to hurry so that the meat would not cool. The Wabano told him to put the kettle back on the fire, but not to rush him. So Wi'sakä took up the spoon and stirred the kettle till its contents were like soup. Then he told the Wabano to drink it. "This will I do, to show you my power," said the Wabano, "I, who do not belong to the Medicine Lodge."

He snatched up the kettle and drank the boiling soup like water, but Wi'sakä caused it to choke him, and he fell down dead. The members of the Medicine Dance gathered around him and cried out all together in a loud voice: "Yohoyohoyohayoha! Here is a man who was going to show us his power! Now he is dead!"

Then Wi'sakä came forward and raised him, saying magic words in his ear, and he lived. Wi'sakä asked his vanquished rival how he felt, and he said that he was all right, but that the migis shells that the others had shot into him had killed him. So the Wabano gave up and decided to join the dance himself, and have two powers. He sang this song:

"Not I, not I! I did not want to join this, but for the sake of Wi'sakä and the people, I will join it. I will be as a little boy in it. You will never see me acting great, but, as Wi'sakä wants me to play with you. I will hang back though, I do not want to play with the Great Spirit. What you saw me do before, I got from herbs that I eat and know because I earned them. I can eat hot things. I am a Wabano, I cannot raise the dead, but we will see (what happens) in the future."

Four days later, the woman whom Wi'sakä had saved before died, but he was away, and the others could not raise her. When he returned they asked him why they could not raise the woman when he had said that it could be done four times. He answered that she had not followed his instructions about the rules of the lodge, and on this account she could not be saved. Never again were they able to raise anyone from the dead, except those killed by the shooting in the lodge.

The Wabano who was made to join was named Wabonósä, or "Walks-in-daylight." He continued with the rites of the lodge. After any of the four annual ceremonies, they would go from the Medicine Lodge and take a sweat bath and sacrifice tobacco.

We call a medicine bag by one of these names: *Pshin'agûn*, *mîtéwian*, *kâtétäwi* or *pêshkîtagûn* (In Forest Potawatomi it is *Skî-pitágûn*). A child must never carry one made of the skin of an otter,

but may use a young beaver, a muskrat, or a mink. An old member may have one made of the head of a bald eagle. Such a bag is very powerful. Some can even strike one hand on the other or over the heart, and thus shoot the migis. Such persons have great power from Wi'sakä.<sup>3</sup>

#### TURTLE GOES TO WAR<sup>4</sup>

One time that well-known Brave, Snapping Turtle, became angry. All the people wondered why he acted so strangely. "Our Brave is very cranky," said the other turtles, "Something must be in the air." One day a messenger came to all of them, calling each to appear at Snapping Turtle's wigwam. All the turtle people were glad, and hoped that this meant that he would be in a good humor, so they came and feasted. Then Snapping Turtle addressed them:

"My brothers, I am angry at mankind. I am going to raise a war-party and fight them."

All the turtles agreed that they had received many insults from men, and were ready to go, so that night, when everyone was asleep the chosen warriors started out to do battle. They travelled from dawn till dark, and then they rested and slept. One of their number, the little Box Turtle, had a dream of bad omen. This made Snapping Turtle angry, but he said that he had no faith in omens, and that he was determined to fight anyway. Each dawn he called on his followers to narrate their dreams of the night before, and each morning they had only evil to report. One morning Box Turtle sang this song:

"Oh! Snapping Turtle, I see you now!

They are throwing all us turtles in a sack!"

"Say, don't sing that," hissed Snapping Turtle, and he kept right on. But Box Turtle continued to sing, so Snapping Turtle, that illustrious Brave, went up to him and kicked him, but found that he was even singing in his sleep. The blow struck Box Turtle on the breast so hard that it broke his shell, and you may still see the break, (the well-known hinge), to this very day.

He said, "Next time, if you value your life, *Misiso*, (the box turtle), you will sing, 'Snapping Turtle, the Brave, he is the one who cleans up all the villages wherever he goes.' I don't want you to sing

<sup>3</sup>These data together with the story given above, were obtained from a usually well informed Potawatomi who is not a member of the society. Their chief interest lies in the recurrence of the statement that the society was founded by Wi'sakä, which is implied although the origin is attributed to the Great Spirit.

<sup>4</sup>*Mish'kū Andöpänit*, native title.

that I get my people thrown into a sack. It is a bad song. Sing rather that I am the one who makes a clean sweep wherever he goes, and throws the enemy into hysterics."

Box Turtle was indignant and answered, "I don't want your people put in a sack. This is not my fault. I was asleep, and my dream, of which I sang, came out that way. Who am I to control my dreams?"

Again they started out to war and at last they arrived at an Indian village. The turtles gave their war whoop and charged upon it. When the outcry was heard all the women ran out of the wigwams. "Oh! look at the turtles," they cried, and, exclaiming with delight at such good fortune, they ran for their sacks and threw the turtles in them, except Box Turtle, who was so badly hurt by Snapping Turtle's kick that he had lagged behind.

One of the turtles named Mêskwakä (the painted turtle), was so prettily marked with red that the woman who picked him up hugged him close to her breast, and he bit off her nipple. In her rage, she threw him into the water, and, of course, he escaped. So this one, indeed, counted a coup on the enemy.

The women carried their captives home, and were very angry about the blow that the one turtle had struck. They held a council over the war-leader, Snapping Turtle. One said, "Let's burn him to death, he is our enemy."

"Hau," said Snapping Turtle, "That will be good!"

"No," said the council, "he is too desirous of dying that way. He thinks in his heart that he will be able to kick the fire all over and thus destroy our lodges."

"Let us put him up and shoot him with arrows."

"Hau," said Snapping Turtle, "Indeed, you have discovered the best way!"

"No," decided the council, "The arrows will glance off, and many will be wounded thereby."

"Let us then boil him in the great earthen kettle."

"*Inneh*," said Snapping Turtle, "In that way I would die gladly!"

"No," announced the council. "He thinks that he will be able to spatter boiling water over us, and scald us to death."

"In that case," said another, "Let us throw him in the river!"

At these words, Snapping Turtle and all his followers began to beg for mercy, and plead that they be not drowned. They claimed that this was an awful punishment. The women thought that at last they had hit upon the right thing, and tossed every turtle into the

lake. But, really, those turtles lived in water, and they not only all escaped, but whenever the women went for water, they would roil up, and by digging in the bottoms would spoil the springs.

The men of the Indian village would not believe that the turtles had deceived their wives until one day they saw a whole lot of turtles enjoying the sun on a log. The snappers dwelt in the springs under the mud, and the men learned that turtles cannot be drowned.

After their escape, the Turtles held a great victory dance at Snapper's house, and the Red Turtle was the hero, because he alone had counted coup. Snapping Turtle and Box Turtle have never been able to get along together since that war-party, and they do not even dwell in the same locality with each other since the raid.

## THE ADVENTURES OF RACCOON

Once Raccoon was following along the bank of a stream looking for something to eat. He was very hungry, but he found nothing. At last he came to a water hole, and examined it. He saw tracks at the brink, and followed them until he came to a wigwam. He wondered what it was, so he approached it stealthily, and, peeping in at the door saw three old blind women cooking at a fire. Raccoon was a little afraid of them, but the food smelled so good that he ran around the lodge and came back again to the door, with his mouth watering. He saw them take off the pots, and dip the food with a wooden ladle into two large wooden bowls. This very sorely tempted Raccoon. He saw them look at the door, direct their gaze towards him, and, he, not knowing that they were all blind, thought that they were very kind. So thinking to himself, "If anybody else comes, I'll jump behind their bundles," he crept in and snuggled close to them.

The old women began to joke with each other about the days of their youth. "Well," said one, "I must feed my husband." So she set a little dish of food over by the wall. "So will I," said another, and she did the same. Raccoon went over at once and devoured both meals.

"Well," said the third, after a while, "Did your husbands eat their dinners?"

One of the old women reached over and felt her bowl. "Oh! no joking, that food is gone!" she cried. The other did the same, "Oh, indeed! that is no joke, my food is gone too!"

The old women did not know what to make of this. They guessed that some man must have stolen in among them. One of them brought out her ceremonial net that the women of the Fish clan use to catch men during their clan bundle ceremony, and put it over the door. They began to draw it through the house like a seine, but Raccoon thrust out one of their earthen kettles and let them catch that. When they felt its weight, they rushed upon it with faggots and beat and broke it. Then they began to examine it. "Alas," cried one, "We have broken up our earthen pot, and it was older than we are."

Watching his opportunity, Raccoon darted from the house and made off with a full belly, wondering how he could gain entrance again when the old women had calmed down, and still be able to escape. "Oh! well, no matter," thought he, "Here is the river frozen over. It will enable me to play a trick on my brother, Wolf." He thereupon tied a stone on his tail, and trotted off on the ice, the pebble making a noise, "Tum!Tum!Tum!Tum!" as he ran. Wolf heard the sound, and ran to the river bank to see what it could be.

"Oh! there comes my little brother, Raccoon. Where did you get that thing that makes such a sweet sound?" he asked. "Why do you do it?"

"Oh! I do it to wake up the fish. Then they come to me. It is easy, you can do it too, Wolf, so I will give it to you."

"Oh hau! thank you," answered Wolf, "and when the fish gather, how do you manage to catch them?"

"Feel my belly," said Raccoon, "I am full of them."

"Oh indeed! you have eaten plenty," said Wolf.

"It is easy enough to catch them, my brother. All you have to do is to run back to the water hole, stick your tail in it, and when the fish take hold wait until you have a big load and then pull them all out."

Wolf obeyed the suggestion of his brother, Raccoon. He tied the stone on his tail and ran back to the water hole. He thrust his tail in the water, and when the pangs of its freezing hurt him he thought he was being bitten by the fish, so he stayed there until his tail was completely frozen in. The old blind women coming for water found him there, and clubbed him to death, never doubting that he was the one who stole their food and got them to break their old earthen pot, and had now returned to foul their drinking water. They threw his carcass to one side, and Raccoon went on with the stone on his tail.

He had not journeyed very far before he met another friend, a man. The man asked Raccoon what he was doing, and Raccoon told him the same story that he had used to deceive Wolf. The man thought that he would like to catch some fish in the same way, but, as he had no tail, Raccoon cut around his rectum and pulled out his bowels until they dragged on the ice. The man had not gone very far before he fell down dead.

Raccoon returned in the spring to visit the old blind women, but there was a man there, so he passed on. As it was getting warm, he climbed up a tree to sun himself, and came down stretching and very hungry. He went along until he found an old wormy dead fish. He took some of the maggots and put them in his eyes, and lay down on the river bank as though he was dead. After a while a couple of crawfish who happened to pass that way discovered him. They ran back and told their chief what they had seen.

"Oh! chief, that fellow who ate so many of us last year is dead," they announced to him. "Let us hold a dance over his body."

The chief was well pleased and sent messengers to all his people to tell them that they would hold their Spring dance over the body of their dead enemy. They gathered there in great multitudes from many far off places, and began to dance and sing this song:

"Well, here you lie now! You great big fuzzy thing!

You ate and crushed us all up, but now we will show you what you did to us!"

They pinched his eyes, his nose, and his ears, and it hurt him especially when they pinched his buttocks. They kept on rejoicing over him. At last, Raccoon thought that there were enough within reach so he sprang up and crunched them with his jaws. He cut them off from escape by water, and crunched and crunched until he had his belly full again. Then he washed himself. Some of the crawfish that had managed to escape the slaughter peeped at him from their holes, wondering how he had managed to come to life. There was one very large green one among them, and Raccoon sprang at him. The crawfish backed into his burrow, and Raccoon thrust his hand in after him, but the crawfish seized it in his claw and made the Raccoon scream with pain.

"Well, I have counted coup on our enemy," said the green crawfish. "I made him shriek, even if he did crunch us up."

Raccoon had a lame foot for many days after that, and that is the last that I saw of him, limping off with a full belly.



Wolf finally got over his anger at Raccoon and called him his brother once more. He and all his tribe searched for Raccoon in order to make peace with him. Meanwhile Raccoon on his travels as usual, found a lot of berries and made a cake of them which he carried with him to give to Wolf to pacify him in case they should meet. At last they did meet, and Raccoon put down the cake and got off to one side of the trail. "Where have you been, my brother Wolf?" he asked.

"I have been hunting for food, my brother Raccoon."

"Oh! so have I. I haven't had much luck, still, I found some berries. Here is a cake of them pounded up, if you would like to try them."

The wolf accepted his invitation and then said, "I have a little lunch set aside too, if you would like to try it."

Raccoon cautiously followed Wolf, and found that he had likewise some berries, but he had pounded his dung up with them. Raccoon ate, while Wolf rolled over and over and laughed, for Raccoon grew very sick as soon as he discovered what he had done. He vomited and rushed for some water to drink. As soon as he could speak, Raccoon cried out, "Hark you, Wolf! for this I will end your life." Wolf at this chased Raccoon up a tree, and said, "You have escaped me now, but I will wait here until you die."

Raccoon went to sleep, and when he awoke he saw that Wolf had fallen asleep also, so he came down slowly and quietly, and when he was on the ground, he saw that Wolf would not awake easily. He went to a marsh, found some sticky tree-gum, eased himself, mixed the two sticky substances, and plastered them over Wolf's eyes. Then he climbed back up his tree and woke Wolf.

Wolf sprang up terrified, and bumped into the trees in his efforts to escape. Raccoon offered to help him if he would be friends once more, but, when he came down he only plastered Wolf's eyes the tighter. Then Raccoon ran into the water, and Wolf followed, singing:

"How deep am I in the water, Wolf that I am?"

When he was in reach Raccoon sprang upon him and ducked him until he was drowned. Because of this there is a two-legged animal in the water to this day, which we Potawatomi call *negaunabe*, or a merman. He is half fish, and half human.

#### HELLDIVER AND LOON

*Wämêgisiko*, (White Wampum), the Loon, was a chief who was much thought of by the people, but his brother *Skûpä*, the Helldiver,

was a nobody who was married to an old woman, and lived by himself. One day Helldiver started to visit a strange village, and, when the people, who did not know him, asked his name, he replied that he was White Wampum. All felt well pleased and honored to receive a visit from so distinguished a person, and when night fell he wandered round their camp freely. While he was doing so he met two women, and, as he saw that they were delighted to receive attention from so great a chief he married them both.

The next day they started home in Helldiver's canoe, with the hero lying in the center, while the women paddled it from bow and stern. They saw a moose along the bank, and begged Helldiver to shoot it, but he replied, "Let it alone. It is one of my horses."

"It is a strange looking horse. What is its name?", asked one of the women.

"I call it *Wapák'ti*, or White-hip," lied Helldiver. But when the women tried to call it to them by that name, it galloped off in fright.

When they got to Helldiver's lodge he ordered the women to build a new mat lodge beside it, and told them that his wife was his grandmother. They noticed, though, that when the waiter came to invite the people to a dance that night, he went to the old lodge and that made them suspicious. As Helldiver did not want the women to see his brother, the chief White-wampum, he bade them stay at home, while he attended the dance with his old spouse. After he got there, however, he became worried, and sent the old woman back to watch them.

Meantime the girls took two old rotten logs and covered them with their blankets, to deceive the old woman, while they stole away to the festivities. They saw *Wamêgisimäk*<sup>5</sup> looking very handsome and when they learned the deception that had been played upon them by his brother, they were very sorry and angry.

After a while, Helldiver went home to his own lodge, and lay down between the rotten logs. The ants crawled out and pinched him, and he grew angry. "I say, let me alone. I have danced all night and don't want you to tease me," he cried. But the ants kept on biting him and when he rose in the morning he found out what was the matter.

After a while, his brother White-loon gave another dance, and when Helldiver attended, he found there his two wives, dancing one on each side of their host. This made him very angry, so he went to them and begged them to keep up the dance until daylight. Finally

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<sup>5</sup>White-loon, another form of this hero's name.

White-wampum went to sleep against the shoulder of one of the girls. Helldiver sneaked out and heated a number of small round rocks red hot and, carrying them with green sticks, dropped them down the throat of White-wampum as he slept. Then he ran home.

Presently people came running to his lodge to tell him that his brother had been found dead. Helldiver rose, wept, blackened his face and went to the place. When he had seen his brother, he got into his canoe and said, "Farewell, I don't want to live any longer, now that my brother White-wampum is dead. I am going to kill myself." He had some blood in his mouth, and he took up a knife and pretended to stab himself. When he leaped into the river the people exclaimed, "Alas! sure enough, he has killed himself!"

Helldiver floated on the surface groaning and bleeding. He cried, "I might yet live if my sisters-in-law were to come and save me!" They got into a canoe and paddled over where he was and pulled him out, but he capsized the boat and all three fell in. The people were astonished, and said, "Why! he has drowned those women."

A long time afterwards, the people heard a big frog croaking. "Dinun! Dinun!" Then they saw Helldiver dancing and singing:

"Who killed my brother? Who killed my brother? I wonder who killed my brother?"

It was I, it was I, it was I. I am the one who killed him!"

The people wanted to slay Helldiver in revenge and wondered what they could do. They decided to ask the big frog to drink the lake dry. They gave him tobacco, and he straightway began to suck up the water. Helldiver became frightened, so he ran over and kicked the frog in the back, and the frog threw up all the water once more. Next time the frog hid, drank the lake, hopped away, and emptied it elsewhere. This time Helldiver found the frog, knocked a hole in his stomach, and killed him. The water all ran out again, and he was saved once more. Helldiver still lives in that lake to this day, with his two little wives.

#### THE MEN WHO VISITED THE SUN

There were once six men who associated together a great deal. They agreed that they all wanted to go and visit the Sun, so they provided a feast, called the tribe together and told them of their intention. They told the people not to be uneasy if they did not return quickly, for they were sure to be gone a long time and might, perhaps, never return and asked the people to help them with their

prayers. They each took a new deerskin suit with the sun marked on each breast of the shirt, and painted the same device on their faces. They also wore a certain feather in their hair. They took tobacco to the chief and told him that they were going to start in four days time. The chief agreed and gave his permission, so they gave a feast the next day. On the last day, all was prepared and all had their feathers ready. Their leader had a long spear with a flint point, and he announced:

"I am going to lead the way." Another said, "I will go second, and I will be the fire maker." "We will be the cooks," said two; "I will gather wood," said another and so on until each had a duty.

The next day they started due east to meet the sun. It rose higher and higher, yet they kept on, until they came to some high mountains, from whence the place where the sun rose seemed low. They pushed on, and in the evening found the place from which the sun started. They camped there that night, and in the morning they caught the sun, got on, and talked to it. The Sun asked what they wanted, and who told them where to find him. They replied that it was the Great Spirit, and that he was the same as the Great Spirit himself, so he was in a position to know what they really desired of him.

"Well, what can I do?" replied the Sun, "I am only put here to furnish the world with light. I cannot even stop to talk to you as I have to push on to the far west."

"Know then, that we came here to beg for your power," said the leader, "We want to help our people to be happy."

"Well," said the Sun again, "Look down and see your people."

Far below them they could see a dark patch, and the second man remarked that he was glad that he had come so far with the Sun, and he begged for help. "My brother," said the Sun, "I am put here only for one thing, and that is to give light. Perhaps I can help you in some way, but you must tell me what it is."

Then the man begged for the gift of clairvoyance, for, said he, the Sun could see ahead, where it was going. "Yes," said the Sun, "If that be all, I can help. I will put you down in the west where I go through the earth."

Another man asked for everlasting life, for, said he, "I don't want to die. I want to be here to help my people as long as this earth shall last."

"All right," replied the Sun, "I can even do that. I will grant

you immortality. When you start back, as you are walking along, you will suddenly turn into something which never dies. Your name will be *Mêshkwáwak*, (Cedar-tree) and you will remain forever with all nations and all people. You will be the first one that they use in all their feasts. All peoples will consider you as holy."

"I want also to be immortal," cried another of the men, "I want to remain with my brother always."

"Let it be so, then," quoth the Sun. "I shall bless you also. You too shall be a great help to all your people. You shall be everlasting. Not at all shall you die, but you shall pass into another existence. On your way home you and your partner shall be changed at the same time."

Another asked to be blessed in some way with the ocean, and he later was changed into a merman or *negaunabe*.

Now as a matter of fact none of these men really understood what was going to happen to them. They even felt a little jealous of each other and each wished for what the other had received. When the Sun reached its western stopping place, they all climbed off and made speeches of thanks to him, and the last one of the lot told the Sun that he desired no change or blessing, but rather to remain as the Great Spirit had made him, and that he had only come to see and hear and help the others.

As they were on their way back, the man who had first asked for everlasting life suddenly said: "Here is where I am to stay!" When the others looked back they saw a great sweet-smelling cedar tree. "Take my leaves and use them for incense at your ceremonies hereafter," it said, "and call the cedar tree your nephew when you speak of it."

A moment later the other man who desired immortality cried out, "Here is where I am to stop!" and, behold, they saw a great boulder. The stone spoke to them, saying: "When you are sick heat a stone and put it on the seat of your pain. Use me also in the sweat lodge; make fireplaces of me. This is what I asked for, to be with you always. Tell the tribe to come and see us from time to time. Let them pray to us and offer us tobacco."

Now this story is said to have come from the dream of a man who was gifted with power to see things in visions, and because of this dream there are the following names among the Prairie Potawatomi, names that are not connected with any clan or bundle, but names that signify the quality of immortality: *Asînia*, The Stone,

*Mêshkwáwak*, The Cedar-tree, *Tcékwak-na'ga*, Cedar-wood-bowl. There are men among the Mascoutens who bear these names to this day.

### ORIGIN OF HORSES

The Potawatomi have had horses for a very long time. No man knows how long ago they were first obtained, but, it used to be said by our forefathers that the first horses, like the Potawatomi themselves, came from the sky.

### THE ADVENTURE OF A POOR MAN

Once a poor orphan, who was not well brought up and who was respected by no one, and never invited to feasts or ceremonies, managed to get married, and went hunting on foot or with his canoe. He found but little game, but once when he was out in the forest for an all night stay, he killed a deer. He built a rude shelter, hung the venison around the fire, and sat down to rest with his dog beside him. He smoked and dozed, and after a while he opened his eyes and saw a person standing there.

On his second glance, the person vanished, and what made it seem all the stranger, his dog took no notice. The man turned his meat and, looking up again, saw two men there. They seemed pitiful and unable to speak. "Hau," said the man, "My friends, you frightened me. For all I know one of you may be the Woods-elf, and the other Tcibiábos, the brother of Wi'sakä. I am poor. No one brought me up to know what to do under such circumstances. I should like to know who you are, but I do not know how to ask." The two smiled and nodded to him in a friendly manner, so he went on: "Well, I shall feed you, and do what I can for your comfort." They nodded again. "Are you ghosts?", the hunter inquired. Again they smiled and bowed, so he began to broil meat on the coals, as one does for the souls of the dead.

Now it happened that this man was camped right in the midst of an ancient and forgotten cemetery, and, guessing something of the sort, he offered prayers to the dead in his own behalf, and for his wife and child. He offered to make a feast of the dead, and always to mention the names of the two visitors, or at least to speak of them.

The very next day he killed four bucks right in the trail and luck went with him wherever he travelled. When he got home, he told his wife what had happened, and how he had been frightened when these

two naked, soundless men stood there. He told her to help him prepare a feast for them, although he did not know their names, for he hoped that these ghosts would help them to become accepted by society. He made a scaffold and invited one of the honorable men of the tribe, and told him of the strange adventure which had befallen him. He explained that he did not know how to go about giving a feast of the dead, and he turned it over to the elder.

The old man said that the poor man had done the right thing, and that the appearance of these ghosts was a good omen. So the feast was held.

A long time passed, and the poor man became a very great hunter, but he never forgot to sacrifice holy tobacco to the two spirits. He could even find and kill bears in wintertime, something that no one else even thought of doing, but he could locate their dens at will. At length he even became one of the leaders of the tribe, and held the office of the man who was supposed to apprise the people of the arrival of visitors. He was the first to give presents to visiting strangers, and his name was N'wä'k'to, or "Keeps-on-even-with-everything."

### THE ENCHANTED BEARS

A man named Wapiskinini, or the "White-man," (a name for the loon, probably ceremonial in its nature), said that he had seen grizzly bears that lived both in land and water, so some people got in a canoe with him and went northward along the west shore of Lake Michigan to the islands at the mouth of Green Bay (The Potawatomi Islands), to see them.

The father of White-man, named Pitwákwût or "Between-the-clouds," saw something moving under the water. They all looked, and, behold, it was a great bear. They could scarcely believe it, but not long afterwards another came out of the water and went on shore, and they saw still another. No one had ever heard of or seen such a sight before, so the Potawatomi desired to kill one of the animals. They therefore crossed over to one of the islands and following one of the bears saw it standing, swaying from side to side. At length it walked into the water and beneath it, where it went to sleep.

These men were all of the Thunder clan, so their leader got out his sacred bundle and took two arrows which he shot through the water right into the neck of the bear. It came out and they shot it again. Five more emerged from the water and were likewise shot. The Indians blew upon the cane whistles from their bundles and

then skinned the bears, and, after their hides were removed, Wi'sakā changed them all into white beavers. Wi'sakā was just malicious about it.

In spite of Wi'sakā's interference, the Indians learned from this that bears can live in water as well as on land. Between-the-clouds, the father of White-man, became very hard to fool after this experience. Although the bears were transformed, he had witnesses as to what had occurred, and he did not lose his reputation as a prophet thereby.

### THE ORIGIN OF TOBACCO

Long ago, when the Potawatomi still lived on the ocean in the east, and close to their grandfathers, the Delaware, a man had a dream that something extraordinary would grow in his garden which was situated in a clearing that he had made in a nearby river bottom. In his vision, he was warned never to let any women approach his farm, so he lopped down trees, that fell partly over from the upright stumps, and thus formed a fence. The people of his village grew to suspect that something was going on, but, when they peeped, they could see nothing. So it came about that his uncles and nephews who had the right to jest with him, teased him about his garden, and asked him how he expected a crop of anything when he had sowed no seed. They teased him so incessantly that at last he became angry, and when everyone else departed on the summer hunt in July, the old man stayed at home to tend to his field.

At length, a broad-leafed herb began to spring up, unseeded. The old man knew not what to call it, but he hoed it well, and it prospered and grew thick. At last a neighboring Delaware came to visit him, and he showed his friend what he had and explained that it had come as the result of a vision sent by the Great Spirit.

"Why," said the Delaware, "My people have this sacred herb also. One of our number also dreamed of it, the same as you did."

"How do you use it?" asked the Potawatomi.

"My grandson, if this was a gift to you from the Great Spirit, you ought to know. Certainly it will be made manifest to you. Still, if you are not vouchsafed the knowledge between now and Fall, come to me and I will show you in what way we use ours."

The old man was more puzzled than ever, so he decided to fast and see if the Great Spirit would not tell him what he wanted to know. When he had gone without food for two days, the Great Spirit appeared to him and told him to gather the leaves and dry them for



sacrifices when at prayer, to burn in the fire as incense, and to smoke in his pipe. He was told that, at every feast and sacrifice, tobacco was to be the principal thing.

When he had had this revelation, the old man went to a place near the sea where there was a hill of soft black stone. He broke off a long rectangular piece, and blocked out a pipe. It was very hard to make and, especially to bore, so at last he went to his Delaware friend for help. This man had a long copper tool like an awl, which worked very well. Then they made a pipe stem out of pithy wood. By this time the Delaware saw that his Potawatomi friend had learned the use of tobacco, so he took out his own pipe, filled it from his pouch, lighted it and passed it to his Potawatomi friend. The latter laughed and said: "I intend to smoke, but I certainly did not understand before."

The two men made the pipe stem out of dry ash wood, and the Potawatomi had his wife sew a buckskin wrapper around the stem and make him a tobacco pouch of the same material. Then he harvested and dried his tobacco.

When the hunters returned from the chase, the people all went over to see what had grown in the mysterious garden. They were dumbfounded at the peculiar appearance and the strong taste of the broad leaves. No one knew what to call it. The old man soon saw the signs of their depredations in his plot, and he appealed to the chief to keep them out. So the chief walked all around the village himself acting as a herald, and announcing that the people must keep out of that garden and respect its owner on account of his age. "Wait until he is ready to tell us about it," he ordered.

One day the old man gave a feast, and seated the chief on his left. He said, "I am glad that you all have been as quiet as you have about my find, and have listened to my wishes. You all know that it was impossible for me to make this herb, or to start it growing spontaneously. You are aware that I did not find it anywhere, and none of us have ever seen it growing before. We are all equal, every man here. I know no more than any of you. We have eyes in our heads, but we may never be sure of what we see. Yet, the way anyone sees anything, that is the way that he thinks about it. Now we have rules in our religion which we all follow. There are those among you who never have fasted, but revelations were made you in dreams, and your fortunes came to you for nothing. You believe and follow what you have learned in your visions.

"Now here I am. I dreamed that something was going to grow where I had burned and cleared the earth for a garden, so I fenced it off as though a sacred bundle hung there. That was to keep the women away from it. I knew I was right, and that is why I stayed away from the hunt. I was anxious to protect what I had, and to see what it might be. Then came one of our Grandfathers, (a Delaware) from his home on the salt water, and I took him down to see, as he was older than I. He knew at once what it was, and he told me to find out, as that was the best way. So I fasted, although I didn't build a fasting lodge. I am old, my wife has passed the change of life, she is no girl to be sick, so I fasted there with her in my own wigwam, while she slept outside on a scaffold. Everyone understood, and no one entered my lodge. Then the Great Spirit Himself appeared and told me how to use this herb in sacrifices, and to place it in the fire and smoke it, and whatever I asked for, he would give me.

"Now, he told me that the name of this herb is to be *sä'mau*, or *nîn sä'mau*, and I give this feast in honor of the new blessing that is to be with us now for all our lives."

The chief now stood upon his feet: "Thank you, thank you," he said. "Now I want to speak a few words, before I burn this herb. It is true that our Grandfathers, the Delaware, have the same thing, and know it by the same name, but we have never known it before. I have myself seen them burn it, but I have never questioned them about it. I am glad that we have this, and I will always thank you.

"My people, always think of *Wákushä*, the Fox, of the Fox clan, who got this for us. Now I will burn the tobacco, and we will all pray for him. He brought it here, and he will divide it among you all. I want you all to take it and use it when you are hunting. Put it in the fire and tell Our Grandfather, (i.e., the fire,) where you are going, and for how long. Never leave without telling Our Grandfather these things, and pray to the Great Spirit."

The assembled people all cried out, "Hau!", and they rejoiced and thanked the old man, Fox. Everyone had heard that the Delaware had such a sacred herb, but no one knew what it was until now, when it was vouchsafed to Fox to pass it on to all Indians. Fox rose once more and said that he would distribute the seeds to everyone, and they were to plant it far off where the women would not come. They were also to set up a pole with leaves left at the top, in its midst, as a sign and a warning to the women to keep away from it.

The cedar leaves were burned, and food was blessed by the chief,

and all partook of the feast thanking the Great Spirit that tobacco had come to them. When they had finished, a prominent man arose and said that he thanked the Great Spirit publicly, and, after this, each person went over and squatted by the fire and burned tobacco and prayed to the Great Spirit. When this was over, all again thanked Fox and rejoiced over the coming of the herb.

Then Fox took his tobacco bag and loaded and lighted his stone pipe, and laughed, and said: "This stone pipe I copied from that used by our Grandfather, the Delaware. I have mixed the tobacco with dried sumac leaves, just as he does." He passed the pipe for all to see and smoke, and it was only a few days before everyone had made a similar one of stone, or, as some did, of wood.

From that time on, it has been customary to see all Indians bearing fire in their mouths, and, we are told by our elders, this astonished the first whites that we met. Now, however, they are worse than we are. A crowd of white-men at night looks like a swarm of lightning bugs!

#### LEGENDARY ORIGIN OF CANOES

There was once a man who claimed that no one had the right to make any kind of a canoe or raft unless he belonged to the Water phratry, but another insisted that anyone might do so who desired. The two debated about it. The first man maintained that he was named, "after the water," and canoe building was his privilege. The other man merely claimed the right as a member of the Human clan, and an able mechanic. They gave a feast and invited all the chiefs and braves to listen to their dispute and decide as to who was right. Neither had as yet attempted to build a boat, for this was in the days before either canoes or bull-boats were known, and people crossed rivers by means of rafts made of logs tied together.

The auditors were unable to make them agree at all, and disliked the argument, which bade fair to lead to bloodshed. At length the man who belonged to one of the clans of the Water phratry exclaimed: "Let us put it to the test. Let us each make a canoe, and try it. We will make a bet." The Human clan man retorted, "Bet what? I do not understand you." The first replied, "I will bet my life against yours." To this the Human clan man made reply: "How so? Will I own you, or will you own me, in case one of us wins." To this the first replied: "Not so. We will build our boats, and then we will go out on the ocean. One will lead the first day, the other the second.

Something dreadful is bound to overtake the one of us who is wrong."

"There is no need of such a bet," said the Human clan man, "I will make my boat and let the people see and judge it, and you can do the same."

"It is a good thing to make boats," said the chief, interposing, "The people need them to hunt deer, to travel in and to cross streams. I therefore desire you both to get your material and make your boats. I will put my tobacco down and tell grandpa, (the Fire), and I will take it to the earth, the trees, and the forest, and tell them that we are going to need their help."

So the men left the council and the Ocean clan man at once went to work, and soon he brought his boat out for public view. It was a dugout made of a soft light tree. The bow was carved to represent a swan's head, and the stern like a swan's tail. When he brought it to camp the people all began to offer tobacco to him, and to the great Spirit in their delight. A feast was made, and at its end, the chief harangued the multitude in his honor.

All this time the Human clan man had done and said nothing. The Water phratry man laughed at him and jeered because he had not started. "You are the man who made such a big talk," he said, "Why have you not yet made your boat?"

The other replied, "I haven't even thought of starting yet. I have our chief's permission to commence, but as he did not tell me when I had to begin, I will do it when I get ready."

At this the Water phratry man laughed once more and said that he would use his canoe when he was ready to hunt or to gather gull's eggs on the islands. Later on, he did venture out on a small lake, and, in the center amid some bushes, he saw some large birds. Turning quickly in his canoe to seize his bow and arrows, he upset. He had a heavy bundle in his canoe attached to a rope, and this snagged on something under the water so that he could not right his craft for a long time, and he lost all his goods. Finally he was able to swim ashore pushing his waterlogged canoe ahead of him. When he landed, he found the Human clan man camped on the bank ready to build his boat. He was discovered by the wife of his rival, but Kêtcikumi's, "The-little-ocean," tried to laugh off his disaster.

"Well," said the Human clan man, "You were so willing to bet your life that you were right that you had me scared out of the contest, although I still believe that a member of the Human clan has a right to make anything that his chief permits. Now I am going to

build my boat right here, and it will be no log canoe. You will see it when it is finished."

Little-Ocean went home and called the men together, saying: "I am sorry to tell you that there is one of our number who is not right. He followed me when I went out and camped on the lake where I had gone and gave me bad luck." Then Little-ocean related all that had befallen him, and demanded that the chief punish his rival. Meanwhile the other grew suspicious, and returned to the village to see what was going on. He rode in on his pony, and, learning that there was a big council at the chief's lodge, he went there. Little-ocean did not see him as he entered, and said to the chief: "If you don't give me satisfaction, I am going to satisfy myself." The chief, who saw the other enter, was silent, but an elder of the Human clan arose and spoke:

"Little-ocean, you are looking for trouble, all on account of your boast. The chief gave you both permission to build canoes, and now you desire to murder that other man. The Human clan will never permit it. That man is a good man, he is here now. There he is, talk to him and tell him why we are gathered and what you have said about him." But Little-ocean was not man enough to do it.

Then said the Human clan man: "I did not know that you were on that lake. I went there because there is lots of birch at that place. I saw you swim in pushing your boat, and at first I did not know what it was. I did not know that you blamed it on me. I must have won your life." Thus he laughed the Ocean clan man out of countenance.

The Human clan man soon finished his craft, and he invited the chief and all the people to come to the lake and feast and see what he had done. He had made a beautiful birch bark canoe, and he had a birch bark compartment made at the bow to store heavy articles. There was also a cubby in the stern, made to balance the front, and a place for an extra paddle.

When the people gathered there, he had killed a lot of ducks and geese on the lake to feed them, and he had marked white feathers on his boat to float it the better, (by sympathetic magic). It did not leak, and he had laid elm bark on the floor to walk on. He took three men with him, and they paddled out in the lake where Little-ocean had upset, shot ducks, gathered eggs, and demonstrated its usefulness. Everyone liked it better than the dugout canoe. So it fell about that it became the custom for the Human clan alone to make canoes, and those who desired to do so had to come to this man for permission.

Or, if they chose, they could pay him a horse to make one for them. He always called canoes his "horses," because they were used for transportation in the same manner as ponies.

Later on, he learned from the French how to make thin deerskin sails, and how to caulk his boat with pitch. This man had a little pail of birch bark, full of pitch, which he carried with him on his journeys, ready to mend his canoe if anything should puncture it.

One day Little-ocean learned that this man and three others were going out on the water, so he took his knife and cut a hole in his rival's canoe. When they were about to embark a little boy happened to notice the hole. It was freshly cut in the bark, where the canoe lay inverted and supported by logs. The owner warmed up his pitch, patched the hole with bark, sewed it on, caulked it up, and they started. Little-ocean did not know about this, but, when he saw them depart, he sprang into his own canoe and followed, sure that they must soon come to grief. However, he saw that they seemed to get along without difficulty, and when they landed on a small island he also landed, and asked the Human clan man, "Hau, Nekutuka'pa, (By-himself-standing) how are you making it?" To this the other replied, "Oh, we have some ducks and eggs." Then he turned to one of his followers and said, "Say, pull up our canoe, someone might cut a hole in it."

"Why," said Little-ocean, "You don't think that I would?"

"Yes, you are the very one," said the other, and he knocked him down into the lake. "You are the real bad man whom the people talk about. You are what I call an evil spirit. If you are a man, get up and fight me. Now we are on an island, with two of your clan and one of mine here with us. Suit yourself. They saw what you did. You followed me here thinking to find me in trouble. When you get home go and put all of your tobacco in the ocean to bring me trouble, give it to the chiefs to turn them against me. Everything I make I can make better than you do. People like me. I have never talked about you. I just waited to meet you alone."

All that Little-ocean could think of to say was, "I knew that you didn't like me when we made the canoes."

The Human clan man slapped him again: "Can you read my mind? It is you who don't like me." He struck him again. "If you don't tell the people what I have done to you when we get back, I will beat you."

One of the Ocean clan men interposed at this moment. "Let us

take pity on each other, and hunt and get food for our children. This is a great thing to us, our first experience with boats on water. We are all one, human beings, and you have this gift from the Great Spirit. It will help our tribe when we have all learned how to use it."

So both parties cooked and ate, and then went on hunting and gathering eggs. The Ocean clan man had poor luck, but Standing-by-himself-alone gave him some ducks and eggs, saying, "I am sorry that I struck you, but you brought it on yourself. You even wanted to take my life. You wanted to drown me in the ocean so I shall watch you hereafter. You must tell the people about the trouble we have had when we get back."

The Indians camped on this island for sometime, collecting eggs, and the Human clan man made them many boats. He got better and better all the time. Finally he even sailed across the lake to see the French, who gave him steel tools, a draw-shave, an auger, and a butcher knife, and taught him to make boats like theirs. Other tribes came, even from a distance, and begged or bought boats of him. He taught them also how to build their own craft. In particular he instructed the Winnebago to make dugouts. He told them that if one of their number could shoot the rapids in a canoe he could have it. The Winnebago split a basswood tree, made hewn planks and fastened them on each side of the canoe to fend it from the rocks. Then they shot the rapids successfully and earned the canoe.

When Little-ocean saw this he was eager to try it too, so he started out, while his family followed along the shore. Someway Little-ocean was drowned, and only his canoe reappeared. His body was never found. The Potawatomi believe that the water-spirits took him away because he boasted overmuch about his power over the ocean.

The Human clan man finally received a sailboat as a gift from the French; the very first sailboat that the Potawatomi ever had. These two men, Little-ocean of the Ocean clan, and Standing-by-himself-alone of the Human clan were the first Indians who ever built canoes.

### THE BOY WHO WAS BORN OF A BUFFALO

There was once a Potawatomi of the Bald Eagle clan whose name was Wápakitc, or White-tail, who was very fond of a young Shawnee with whom he had been chumming. One day the Shawnee said to him, "I want to make a friendship ceremony with you, so that we will

be brothers." The Potawatomi was content, so the Shawnee went to his sister and found that she was willing to help him prepare a feast and ceremony. The Shawnee then procured a horse, with saddles and other gifts of clothing and the like, and sent word to his Potawatomi companion to come and see him with his family on a certain date.

The Shawnee had much food cooked, and at noon on the day set he brought the Potawatomi and his family to the place. The Shawnee chief was there and lectured the two young men, who sat together in the place of honor, dressed in their best. "This is a good thing," he said. "The boys of our tribes have long run around together, and now these twain desire to be brothers. All White-tail's people are here, and I hope that our boy, Tûkêmäs, the 'Shovel-nose-gar' of the Fish clan means to carry out what he is doing. I do not know who had this idea first, but you must both remember never to get angry or ashamed of each other. Now both eat from one bowl, and I will pray for you."

When this had been done, the Shawnee arose and opened his buffalo hide trunk and took out some of the gifts. He told the Potawatomi to take off his clothes, and he handed over to him a fine suit, which his guest put on. Then the Shawnee made a speech, and told all those present how he had always liked his Potawatomi chum, and what experiences they had had together. Then his sister brought in a horse all saddled and bridled, and he told the Potawatomi to ride it home, and that when he came to visit the Shawnee he could sleep at the girl's wigwam, for she was now his sister, and the Shawnee had no lodge of his own. All now left, and the Potawatomi rode back to camp where his people held Shawnee dances all night in honor of their friends.

The day after, the Potawatomi gave his new horse to his brother-in-law, and his clothes to his uncle. He went over to the Shawnee and shook hands with all his new relations. Then he told them that he was going off on a hunt. When he returned, he invited his Shawnee brother and his family to visit him. He gave them a feast, and had his chief speak. The Potawatomi chief addressed them as follows: "This is something hard and seldom done in our tribe. While men are young and single they think little of the future, but you two will have to keep up a strong feeling for each other. If you are attacked by the enemy, never leave each other. It is better to die with each other and lie on the field together. For this reason we seldom do this, and with you two, coming from different tribes it is still harder. You



must surely stick together. Never ask each other for anything, no matter how much you are tempted. If either of you thinks the other wants anything, give it to him before he asks."

All the assembly ejaculated, "Hau! This is true. This is our custom!"

"Now you boys," the chief continued, "Love each other. Help out when you are visiting, just as when you are at home. Don't watch each other work and do nothing. This you must also remember when on the warpath, or in any trouble."

When the speech was over the Potawatomi boy opened his own buffalo trunk and took out his best clothes and dressed the Shawnee. He also gave him a gun, a bow and arrow, and four eagle feathers. He made a speech in his turn, and they ate together out of one bowl. Then the Potawatomi presented the bowl and the spoons to the Shawnee, and his sister presented him with a horse also. All the relatives of both boys gave presents back and forth and they had social dances all night before they dispersed.

Shortly, the Shawnee moved close to his Potawatomi brother and camped just across the river, so that they would be near each other. One day the Potawatomi rose early and, dressed only in his moccasins, breech clout and blanket, he crossed the river to his Shawnee friend's house. When he entered, he surprised the Shawnee in the act of intercourse with his dog, and the dog, springing up, severely injured the Shawnee. He rode home on one of his brother's horses, told his sister to go and cook for and attend the sick man, while he took a pipe and tobacco and went to fetch a certain doctor. Then he returned and built a small doctoring lodge, close to a spring, on the west side of his friend's home.

They carried the Shawnee to the hut on a travois. The doctor greased the wound with warm deer tallow, and called in the dog to lick it off. He then put medicine on the wound and bandaged it up. The Shawnee suffered severely, but the Potawatomi stayed with him to watch and help. Finally he recovered, and the doctor ordered him to "stay out" and fast for four days and see what he could dream.

The Shawnee did in truth have a strange dream, and he asked his Potawatomi brother for an explanation, but he was unable to interpret it. "I hate to announce this to the people, and yet I must," he said, "for I am so ordered by my vision. I am to have a son, although I am unmarried, and I am to present it to our sister. If I do not do what I have been told, our lives will be shortened. I want you

to go to my sister and ask her to provide a horse to fee the old doctor, and I will ask him to announce what I have dreamed. I will give a feast at your house at the time, two days hence."

White-tail did what his Shawnee brother asked of him, and gave his sister a big sack of dried meat to cook for the feast. At noon they called the old man, who replied, "Thanks, thanks! Hau, hau! This is what I have lived so long for." He was ushered into the place of honor and a new blanket was spread down for him. When all was ready he began to speak:

"Now I am going to ask the buffalo to bless us, for buffalo medicine is what I used to cure this young man. You all know that the buffalo is a hard animal to kill. When it is shot through and through still it gets well. This has been a very hard case. You two boys have certainly had your troubles. Try to avoid such things in the future. Live right, and forget the past, I am an old man, yet I know very little. I don't even know anything about Our Father who made this earth, except by hearsay. I am positive about nothing. Yet, as long as I have lived I have learned to make the best of it, to tell the truth, to live right, and then, no matter what one does, the people will depend on you, which they won't, if you tell lies. If you do, they will call you an old woman, and say that you bear tales. Keep your mouths shut. Keep your word, and you will succeed. Such people always do better. It must be so. But the man who does not live right is always talked about.

"I hope you two boys will continue to live together happily for you are young, and your lives lie before you. I had a Sauk friend once, and I loved him dearly, but he died. We hunted together and went to war together, and we never had much trouble, though we were always in fear of vengeance (from the enemy). It is a hard life."

The old man then brought his speech to a close and accepted his presents. He thanked the Shawnee, who again spoke to him. "Grandpa, I have more to tell you," he said, and while he took him aside to tell him, the Potawatomi brother told the people to wait. First he gave the old man a pipe to smoke, and when the doctor had accepted it he puffed it four times, and requested the two to tell what was on their minds. When he had heard about the dream he was pleased. "Why that is good," he said. "It proves that my buffalo medicine has worked, and the buffalo has taken pity on you, and will give you a boy."

The young Shawnee was not satisfied. "But, grandpa, I am not

married. I don't see how it can happen. People will laugh at me, so I hate to announce it."

"My grandson," said the old man, "It must be so, for you have the medicine from my sacred bundle. I have done my best. When shall I announce it for you? You will have to give a feast."

"Let it be in four days, grandfather. I will send to my family for the food. You call what assistants you need." And it was so announced to the waiting crowd.

After his guests had gone, the Shawnee was lonesome, so he went hunting and killed four deer. He smoked the meat, and took the hams and saddles to his Potawatomi sister. The next day the two brothers prepared camps and arbors, and the next noon the old doctor came to them. He was naked and painted, and wore a buffalo fur and horn headdress. His eyes were black, his nostrils white, and his feet were blackened. He was crying, "Haiiii-haiiii-haiiii-haiiii!" He called up his messenger and gave him forty sticks and sent him out to invite that many people, telling each to bring his own bowl and spoon. Other men were at work cooking the food.

When the guests arrived, he ordered them to stack their wooden bowls in one pile. Then he demanded a very large bowl of sugar. Next they made a buffalo wallow in the lodge, and he said: "I now call for sixteen buffaloes (i. e., men of the Buffalo clan), to sit here in a row." They came forward and seated themselves, and he addressed them:

"This is a dream feast given by my grandson here in honor of a dream that came to him while he was sick." Then the old man told them all about it, and added that the young man was of the Fish clan and not a Buffalo, but, though his dream was strange, it would surely be true. He would have a child someway.

"Early in the spring I want you sixteen men of the Buffalo clan," continued the old man who sat with his hosts in the place of honor, "to help me on a buffalo hunt, as our people are hungry for buffalo meat and tallow. I invite all others who desire to go. This hunt will also be given in order to show respect for my medicine."

The sixteen men sat around the buffalo wallow and in front of the old man's buffalo bundle and the bowl of sugar, and food was now dipped up for them beginning to the south of the door. The chief was asked to address them as they ate. He said:

"This young Shawnee relative of ours has done well. This is his way of announcing his dream in true Potawatomi style. I am pleased

that he is to have a son. When he does, he must first give a feast to a man of the Buffalo clan and have him name it. It cannot be named at birth without ceremony, like a dog."

After this, the bowls were all filled from one kettle and the sixteen men came forward and licked at the sugar, then finishing it with their spoons in the usual way. They each tipped over the bowl with his head, and there were sixteen buckskins placed under it, one for each of them. All was then over, except naming the date for the hunt, which was set for two weeks later.

When the time arrived, the two youths went with the rest. The Potawatomi's sister and aunt went along with them to care for their horses, and they teased their Shawnee "Brother-in-law." However he replied in kind, telling the one that she could patch his moccasins and the other that she could wash out his breech clout when it got all bloody from his sitting on his piles of meat.

When the party came near the buffalo on the plains, the customary order not to fire guns was given. The sixteen buffalo clan men who had participated in the ceremony in honor of the boy's dream were selected as police, armed each with an elkhorn-handled whip to beat or even kill the disobedient if necessary, for buffalo hunt rules are enforced, no matter who violates them. The chief had surrendered his position for the time to the old Buffalo clan bundle owner who had cured the Shawnee, and he gave the orders to camp or to move.

Early the next morning, four men were sent on ahead to scout, and quickly discovered a great herd. They came galloping back, and four more men were sent out on foot to meet them, who came back whooping until the leader ordered silence. All were ordered to bathe and then take a drink of the buffalo medicine. They obeyed, and then spat some on their horses' manes and tails. They also attached feathers to the horses' tails, and set out. The two brothers stuck together, and agreed to shoot the same animals.

The surround was arranged by the old doctor, who broke up his followers into parties under guards, and the band that was to approach from the west was ordered to make the initial charge. A shot was fired when the surround was complete and the attack was made.

The Shawnee, Shovel-nose-gar pursued a cow, and she stopped, so that he was able to shoot her through the heart. Then he and his brother killed four more, all near by. Having enough, they turned back to skin the heifer, and when they cut it open, behold there was a young baby boy in her! "Come here quick," cried the Shawnee,

"Here is a child in this cow! It is alive! Get your sister quick! I need some sinew."

The Potawatomi drew some sinew thread from his shirt, and they tied the child's navel cord and cut it off. They wrapped the baby, who was just breathing, in a shirt and blanket, and the Potawatomi ran for his sister, crying: "Fetch your cradle here quickly! An awful thing has happened. Bring your baby wrappers!"

The girl raced over to the place, took the child, washed it in warm water in which buffalo grass had been steeped with buffalo medicine, and tied it on the cradle board. It so happened that there was a young matron in camp who had just lost her child, and her breasts were still full of milk, so the babe was given to her to nurse. There was great excitement among the Potawatomi. Many did not believe it, but the old buffalo doctor ran over and said, "I have come to see my grandson." He carried the boy far off and talked to it, for he was one of those who are able to converse with babies, or a "baby-talker," as we say.<sup>6</sup> He could also understand the language of dogs and wolves. The child said to him:

"Yes, I was sent to my father, Shovel-nose-gar, the Shawnee from Above. No doubt you have heard of me."

"Yes," replied the old man, "And I am glad you have come. You will find people here below different from those to whom you have been accustomed. They mean well, but they often joke, so don't get angry. Remember why you were sent here, and you will be a great help to us as you grow older and learn to eat your own flesh." (i. e., buffalo meat.)

Next the old man turned the child over to the wet nurse, promising her good pay. She was therefore very happy. The party ran the buffalo one more day, and then they turned back. When they were about a mile from home, the old man called a halt, saying:

"We have a different way of coming back from a buffalo hunt than from a warparty. I will send a man on ahead to tell all the women to clean up the lodges, especially the one where the babe is to go. They must hang two tanned buffalo robes, with the heads down, from poles set facing the east, and they must stand up a cedar tree with a wooden bowl at its base. All must put their offerings of tobacco in the bowl, and must touch the heads of the buffalo robes, the bowl, two gourd rattles which must lie beside it, and the tree. All

<sup>6</sup>This idea is also prevalent among the Menomini.

must bring food to the place as a sacrifice. A man has come into this world, and we must show him respect."

When they all reached home the Shawnee youth said to his Potawatomi brother: "What shall I do tomorrow at the feast?" He did not know. However, they called upon the Shawnee to make the sacred ceremonial fire with two flints in a place that they cleared for the purpose. He also tied up the drum heads while the waiters were cooking. The drum he handed over to the old Buffalo clan man, who promptly sent out a herald to call in the women to a Buffalo dance. When all had gathered, both men and women, the old man narrated for them the history of the case. The dream, and the wonderful buffalo child that had come to live among them, and about the dance itself, which was in honor of the child and his two fathers. He asked the chiefs especially to stay and talk and encourage the people, so the principal chief addressed them. He told them that it was a great thing and hard to believe. That other tribes would also hear and marvel. Therefore, he said, the Potawatomi must not boast of their good fortune, lest some one might come and try to steal their wonderful baby. On the other hand, if they did succeed in raising it, it might become a great help to them in the future. Therefore, they were to act as if nothing had happened, and obey their grandfather, the Buffalo doctor. He concluded by giving thanks to the Great Spirit for the success of the hunt, and the welfare of the people.

When he had finished speaking, the old man again rose, saying: "I have one thing more to say. I have talked to the baby again, and he tells me that his real name is, and should be Tcipêtâpût-p'shêkâ, or "Sitting-bull," and not "White-buffalo," as his father wants to call him. He can be "White-buffalo" to us until he begins to walk, then we will rename him." Then the old man started to chant the buffalo songs, and all danced. Those not ready painted themselves, put on the buffalo headdresses, hung the hoof necklaces around their necks, blew on their whistles, got out their warelubs, and awaited their turns.

Late in the afternoon, the old man stopped the drum and said, "I want all of you to dance now. When I circle this last time and go back to my seat I want Shovel-nose-gar to untie the drum, roll up the bundle, and put everything away. I want the waiters to get the bowls ready and distribute them, and the leading woman can bring in the sugar and place it where it belongs beside the buffalo

wallow. Then, while we are all seated, the waiters will come around and feed us."

When this had been done, a Thunder clan man was asked to ask a blessing on the food and the assembled feasters. Then they all ate. While they were eating, a man with his face blackened came from the north on horseback, and rode up to the door. They invited him in, and he entered, weeping, and crying out: "Take pity on me! I have lost a child! A child I have lost! A little boy. Has anyone seen him? The sun shone, and its rays pointed right to this camp. If you have him, take pity on me. He is the only child I have."

The Potawatomi were suspicious, so the old man said: "Be seated. This is no place to talk business, before our sacred bundle." The man obeyed him, and a waiter brought water to him to wash the charcoal from his face. "When did you lose your child?" asked the old man. "A month ago," answered the stranger. "I tracked him to your camp." The people were now sure that this man wanted to steal away their buffalo baby. The old man denied that they had any child big enough to walk so far. "The child is in here, I know he is," insisted the stranger. "The last I saw him he was on the buffalo hunt with me. He was big enough to run around."

"Well, if he is here; why don't you point him out?" asked the old Buffalo doctor.

The enchanted child was seated in his nurse's lap at the moment, near the bundle, but the stranger did not recognize him after looking over all the children, and then he insisted that the boy was outside. Now the truth of the matter is that this stranger was a Winnebago who was sent there to spy on the Potawatomi by his people. The baby managed to tell the old man about it. He said: "Some people will attack us tonight and try to slaughter us. They have heard in some way that I have come here from my father."

The old doctor cried: "All women mount your horses and ride up on yonder hill. To yonder hill you all must go. Men, arm yourselves; prepare for battle; hide your possessions. We will be attacked in the night between twilight and dawn."

Sure enough, after all had departed and the men had made ready to resist attack, a swarm of Winnebago and Menomini appeared, but the Potawatomi drove them back. These peoples claimed that they were after the Sauk. The Potawatomi were obliged to move their camp because they didn't want their women to walk over bloody ground, as it is unhealthy. So they settled over in Wiskosi<sup>u</sup>

(Wisconsin River?), with the Ottawa to the east, the Ojibway to the north, and the Potawatomi of the Prairie south of Lake Michigan, (here the Mascoutens are referred to,) for many years.

It was at this place that the boy White-buffalo had his name changed to Sitting-bull. The old man who had charge of the Buffalo clan bundle died here, so one of his sons, Mûkûte-p'shiwi, or "Black-buffalo," who had inherited the bundle, performed the naming ceremony.

This remarkable boy had brown hair and eyes like those of a horse. The whites of his eyes were very large. His nose was flat like that of a bison, and he was broad-faced. When the naming ceremony was over, his Shawnee father rose and said: "I regret that the old man who has helped us so far is dead. You all see that what I told you about my dream has come to pass. I feel as though if I ever did anything wrong my life would be shortened. I hope that you will pray for long life for me and my boy. I give a good horse to the woman who has raised him so far, and I will take him to my own lodge."

The woman thanked the Shawnee and asked him to let the boy come to visit her from time to time, or to hunt with her people without hindrance. To this the father was agreed. He took up the child and carried it to his sister's lodge to stay until he became a man.

When he was grown, the old chief married his daughter to the wonderful boy. He eventually went to live with his father-in-law, and was noted for his keen eye-sight. One day when hunting with his father-in-law he saw a bear which the old man killed. He made a feast for the boy and told his guests that the boy deserved all the credit because he saw the bear first, whereas the old chief only killed it.

Later Sitting-bull gave a Buffalo clan feast, just as his grandfather the old Doctor used to do. He had Black-buffalo act as master of ceremonies. However, he gave all the people sweetened water to drink, instead of having a pile of sugar to lick. He had all his followers march around the lodge and then enter and sing the buffalo songs, while the men imitated bulls and the women cows. Sitting-bull behaved like a two-year-old bull, he blew on the fire and a whirlwind of dust arose. Then he said:

"When I finally get to be a man, then you will know who Sitting-bull is. I am here to help my people. I came from straight up-right in the center of the sky—to where my father found me. I want you all to take pity on me, and not make fun of me. I am not talking



myself but on behalf of a greater power. This is what you have all wanted. I want you to know what I am. I am human like you except that I came into the world another way. I wasn't born, I was found. Now I shall leave you for a little while as I am going on a hunt." He bade them all good-bye, and that was the last of Sitting-bull. That is how that name came into the Buffalo clan.

Writer's Note: This tale, which is obviously not quite complete, seems to the writer to be a myth of origin, perhaps for a different Buffalo clan bundle than that recorded. Whereas, theoretically, each clan should have but one bundle, it seems that in practice there are more than one, particularly in the Buffalo clan. On the other hand, it may be an old myth that has been superceded, as in the case of the myth given on p. 122 of this volume.

Several noteworthy features in this myth are the reference to the joking relationship, the account of the ceremony of blood brotherhood, the details of the Buffalo ceremonies, the buffalo surround, and the peculiar phraseology of heralds or announcers, with the repetition of the main idea of the announcement in slightly different words or rather order of words.

## FOLK TALES

### TRADITIONAL POTAWATOMI HISTORY

Many years ago there was once a Potawatomi who was almost as powerful as Wi'sakä himself, and he was also a firm believer in Wi'sakä and his ways. It is true that he was able to do wonderful things, and showed great power, so that all the people believed that he had special revelations from Wi'sakä. No one could ever tell him anything, for he always knew it first. He always knew how to do everything better than anyone else.

Once four old men went out to gather a hard wood called *t'wabimish*, (bois d'arc?), and, as they sat at work under a tree they saw a deer run across a hollow, stop, and return. Some immense birds, far bigger than eagles, were persuing it. One caught it by the back, and, although the deer screamed and struggled, the bird flew high into the mountains with it, battering the animal against the rocks as it rose, until it was out of sight. Much alarmed, the old men hastened back and told the chief that the place was dangerous for the people on account of the fearful birds.

Mätáukapi<sup>u</sup>, (“Sits-on-the-dirt-without-resting-on-anything”), laughed, when he heard the news and said: “Yes, my way is Wi’saká’s. I once saw him with my own eyes, and I believe in him, even if the rest of you do not follow him. There is nothing that can scare me.”

“Oh! don’t say that,” cried the old men, “You have not seen these mysterious birds. Maybe they are even Thunderers. No one has ever seen the Thunderers to tell about them.”

The man only laughed: “You old fellows are very easily scared over nothing. Those creatures are just birds. Why, if they came at me I would stick them with my spear. I’d knock their heads and grab their wings.”

While he boasted thus, another man came in and reported that the birds had taken one of his colts, and all were in favor of moving their camp away from this dangerous place. However, the man went home and made himself a suit of buckskin, with moccasins and leggings all in one piece, with rawhide between, and only a place left open at the breast to crawl in. He made a cap of fur for his head, so that it could not be harmed. Then he dressed himself and sent word to the people not to move, for he was going to conquer the mysterious birds.

Afterwards the chief called upon the people to break camp anyway, and go to a creek eight or ten miles away, for he believed that the great birds had a nest and young on the mountain top and that they were dangerous. Meanwhile the man told his wife, when he left that she was not to worry. He ordered her not to go into mourning even if he should be gone a long time. When they had all moved, and the man was missing for six days, the women all scolded his wife for still wearing her beads and keeping her hair braided. She only replied that it was her husband’s wish, and after that they let her alone.

Now the man was indeed carried up into the mountain by the great bird. It pounced upon him and caught him between his two shoulders. He held on to his spear, warclub, and knife, and fended himself off from the jagged rocks with the spear handle. At length it laid him on its nest at the summit among some fledgelings, and while the old bird preened its feathers two of the young came up to devour him and he slew them with his spear. Later, when the old bird had flown he clubbed the other two to death. Presently the old bird came back and brought a fox or wolf, and he killed that bird also with his spear, and later on the second one with his club.

There was a freshly slain deer in the nest, and a pile of old bones lay about. The man skinned the deer, and spread the hide on the rocks

to dry. He also skinned one of the big birds, and with the deer's sinew he sewed the skin up putting a stick across its wings to spread them out. Then he dried the venison, made himself a fire and cooked some meat. He skinned the other old bird and placed the skins of the fuzzy young inside of it. The man had an Indian rope around his waist inside his armored suit and he made a loop for his feet so that he could swing under the skin of one of the birds and glide down to the tree-tops which he could see far below him. He prayed to Wi'sakā to save him, and jumped off. He went down faster than he had expected, but he found that he could control his fall. He finally lit in a tree top, and stayed there a long time.

The man knew that he was almost safe now, so he climbed down as far as he could, then lowered the rope, and found that it would not quite reach the ground. However, he made it fast, climbed down as far as he could, and then leaped, landing on his spear and vaulting to safety. He took up his birds, and went to the camp, which he found deserted. However, he soon located the trail to the new village, but decided that he felt too weak to go farther that night, so he slept there. Next morning, though almost starved, he decided to push on, carrying his birds, although he was tempted to hang them on a tree.

As the man travelled to the northwest along the trail, he saw a man approaching on horseback. He was so exhausted that he sat down to wait until the stranger came up, and fell asleep, but roused again as the man approached. He called to the stranger who came over, but was frightened when he saw the birds. "You have nothing to fear," said he, "I have killed those dangerous birds. Your people were afraid of mighty wings and feathers." The man who had ridden up was his own nephew, and he replied, "It is well. You had better take my horse and I will walk. Follow this ridge, our lodges are the last ones this way, yours, ours, and my aunt's are together. When you see the camps, go down the hill and cross the creek at the ford, and you will come to them."

The nephew, on foot as he was, hurried and reached the settlement first, bearing the news. He set the man's wife preparing pounded meat and corn soup for her husband. All the man's relatives heard and laughed, saying that he had shown the people what he could do, and that he certainly knew as much as those who criticized him. After a while the man arrived, took off his odd dress, ate a little, bathed, and when he was refreshed, sent for the chiefs to come and see the birds. They came and were much impressed. Some thought that the birds

were young Thunderers, others called them simply *Mitcipāniáwenat*, that is, the "Birds-that-have-power-to-carry-prey."

While they were still looking them over, the man came out, and said, jestingly: "What will you call me, now? These birds are the very ones that you feared, even when I told you that you need not break camp. I killed them the second day that I was out, and I had to jump down from the high place where they nested, where none could come to get their young."

"Well," said the chiefs, "Name yourself. You have indeed done a great thing."

"It was through *Wi'sakä* that I succeeded. I have always told you that *Wi'sakä* had power." Here the man produced a sacred bundle and showed them what *Wi'sakä* had given him, a scalp, feathers, a bow of tiny size, and an animal skin package containing a dried snake skin.

He presented one of the great birds to the chief, and the chief took off the feathers and gave them to a distinguished old Brave. Others the chief turned over to younger warriors, reserving some of the wing feathers for his warbonnet. The man who had procured them was not pleased, for he had supposed that the chief would make a great warbundle of them. He said so, and the chief replied:

"This bird wasn't bad. He was just killing game to feed his young and raise them, just as I myself am trying to raise a family. If we had kept out of his way he would have done us no harm. You didn't have to do this, you went out of your way to do it, while the moving of our camp was better."

These words made the man angry, but he took the young birds and made himself a sacred bundle of them, for the Bear clan of which he was a member. To them he added his personal charms that came from *Wi'sakä*. He said that he had had a dream while sojourning on the mountain top at the eagle's nest, but in his heart he was still angry.

The chief knew this and said: "I must give a feast for this fellow who brought us the birds and their feathers. I don't think that the birds would have harmed us, but it may be good that he slew them. However, he should have slain them on the ground, instead of going up on the mountains just to make a big tale."

The chief it seems, had little sympathy with *Wi'sakä* and his ways. He believed that *Wi'sakä's* bundles were all evil things that brought trouble to the people. However, he made a great feast and put the man in the place of honor, and told him what he thought, that though

the feat was a great one, he considered it useless. The man did not like this, and almost refused the feast. Afterwards he told some of the youths of the tribe that the chief was crazy, and had them fast four days to learn in their dreams what the truth might be.

Finally, the tribe split into two bands over it. The man took his band far off and they moved on until they found the Sauk camping just across the river from them. They discussed the ways of Wi'sakā with the Sauk, and were agreed, so they took up his worship with renewed vigor.

In time, this man became a great warrior, but never a chief. He fostered great Medicine and Wabano dances, but he never talked kindly. His mouth was always for murder and war, which is not the kind of conduct in which a chief should indulge. A chief, when he rises to speak, should always be mild, and advise his people the best way. *Okimau* is a word which means this, in reality, and *okimauwân* has reference to the softness of a woman's heart. A chief must have feelings for everyone, even his enemies.

Years passed by, and finally the chief and the warrior met at some great gathering. The warrior was dressed like a chief himself. When he heard that Wa'pimā, the Whitefish, chief of the Potawatomi was there, he sent his daughter, dressed in her best, to invite him to a feast. No one ever sends his daughter on such an errand unless there is some great reason, so the chief went. "Where does your father pitch his wigwam?" he asked the girl. "Yonder, where you will see the great bird's feathers hanging from a pole is the spot," she answered. The chief went, and was given the place of honor.

After much talk and questioning about each other's bands, the warrior said: "My relation, I am glad to see you. You are getting old, and now I am going to ask a favor of you. You ought to think of me. I ask you to appoint me to be chief over my followers. Of course they are really your people, but make me a sub-chief under you."

Then the old chief bowed his head and wept. "My relative, I have talked as best I could to you, but you are a man who can never be told anything. These people sitting here now are your followers. You are now their chief. What more can I do? What more do you want? You are making your name according to the teachings of Wi'sakā, but a time is coming when you will be sorry, with all your people. You are joining our brothers the Sauk, the Ojibway, and the Menomini, I hear. They say that there will be a *n'swapa'sowân*, a Brotherhood-of-Three. They have even named the day that they

are to meet on Menomini land. At the place selected there is a tree that has four forks, one pointing in each direction. I don't intend to go there myself, but I empower you to be my representative. The wood will be laid in a certain fashion, with a stick pointing east, another south, another north. Then one man will be appointed to light the fire. The Menomini have arranged this council to get protection from their enemies."

Before the warrior left, the Kickapoo arrived. They are the youngest of all the Central tribes, and they wanted the advice of the Potawatomi before they started to do anything. Whitefish told them that he had delegated his power to the warrior, and that he was going back to see the agent, for he feared that the Sauk were going to start some trouble, and were going on the warpath. The Kickapoo accordingly stayed with Whitefish.

When the council was held the warrior said that he had full power, and joined the allies instead of reporting to Whitefish. After the pipe had passed, the Menomini called on the others to help them wipe out the Sauk, and all joined with them, except the Ioway, who absolutely refused. The Sauk and the Fox had thought that the others would help them wipe out the whites, but, instead, they were attacked, and so badly defeated and dispersed, that they never again were able to get together as a powerful people. The warrior finally got into the fight on the side of the Sauk, but was killed with many of his followers. The Sauk chief Kwaskwami fled to the Missouri, and the Fox to Iowa. The Potawatomi who were connected with the war were hard hit, and their villages were burned. They fled back to Whitefish, who prayed, and then said:

"I was not deceiving you when I talked to your leader in a good way. Look at my people. There is no one in mourning here. No one here tries to build up a name for himself by killing. Your father had the same power to do good, but he preferred slaughter. Even up there on the mountain top he slew innocent birds, which showed his hard heart."

The chief now gave a feast of the dead for the lost leader and his followers. He made a speech, saying: "Makataupi, you see what you came to when you scorned my advice. Now only a few of your people are left, but I hope that your children will harken to me now. They can see what has happened. One of your own sons is badly wounded, and, if he lives, will be a cripple. He is being doctored and none can see him. Makataupi, I am talking to you and all of your

followers as though you were here. Wish us good luck, but know, that from the very beginning Wi'sakä has ruined the Indian people, ourselves, the Sauk, the Fox, and the Menomini, with these dreams and bundles. Those who believe in them think they can even pass the Great Spirit. Our own people, here on the shore of Lake Michigan will, I hope, learn better by this experience."

From then on Whitefish was the sole chief. Later on the Duck Band broke away and became the "Citizen Potawatomi." However the Mascoutens are real Indians, and yet, in spite of all, many still cling to and reverence the bundles that came from Wi'sakä. In the days of Whitefish, his speakers, both of the Fish clan, were called Noshki'swäpi, or "Lying-awake" and Náukisä, or "Flying-up", (reference to the tail of a fish).

(This tale seems to be a garbled version of the Blackhawk war from a Potawatomi standpoint, suffixed to an ancient Algonkian tale of a man who visited the Thunderbird's nest.)

#### BLACKHAWK'S FORT AND OTHER SKETCHES

It is said that the Sauk chief, Blackhawk, had a great fort on the Mississippi river near the mouth of the Wisconsin. It was surrounded by a huge log stockade, and into it the Sauk invited strange Indians to feast, and there murdered them. However, one runner escaped, and aroused all the surrounding tribes, who went to war against the Sauk, lead by the Potawatomi. They burned the fort, but Blackhawk escaped. The Sauk fled in every direction, but many were slaughtered by the Menomini, in particular, who played an important part.

A large body of Sauk, accompanied by the Foxes, escaped into a swamp in a storm, but later these Foxes quarreled with the Sauk over a feast in honor of some sacred bundle, and separated from them. Then the Sauk went to Kansas, leaving Kwaskwami's band in Missouri. The Foxes followed them to Kansas, but soon went back into Iowa. There these people bought themselves some land, and increased their holdings at every payment.

In the early days Blackhawk and Shabbonee, the Potawatomi chief at Chicago, were friends, but the whites won the latter over to their interests, and he betrayed Blackhawk's plans. Shabbonee would lead the Sauk into battle, but first warned the whites, so that they could shoot the Indians down. Shabbonee rode a white horse, so that he was easily identified by the white-men, who did not shoot at him.

In this way he caused many Potawatomi, as well as Sauk, to lose their lives, so that he became hated by both tribes.

When the others were moved to Kansas, Shabbonee did not go but stayed behind on the land that his white friends had given him. He did not dare to go with them, for they threatened to hang him up by the ears. After his death, however, his family joined the tribe in the west.

(This short sketch is interesting because of the way in which several historic events are jumbled. The first part of the story apparently deals with the wars of the Sauk and Foxes with the French and their Indian allies long before the birth of Blackhawk, all of which are amply recorded in history. The other events are of Blackhawk's period, and the years immediately following, and seem to be correctly given. The accusations of traitorous conduct made against the chief Shabbonee are frequently heard elsewhere.)

## NOTES ON THE PRAIRIE BAND OF POTAWATOMI

The Prairie Band of Potawatomi, of which I am a member, (Wa'pûkâ speaking,) now dwells along the Kansas River, near Mayetta, in Jackson County, Kansas. Years ago, a poor white-woman, a widow, who had nine sons gave one to the interpreter who raised him. Later on he was adopted into the tribe as an Indian, and drew money. He grew up, married an Indian girl, and talked such good Potawatomi that the Indians were all proud of him. He was called Waba'nkwat or White-Hair, and they thought so much of him that they decided to give him the office of "Eye of the Potawatomi", so that he could watch over the people. He was allowed to be present at all the doings of the chiefs.

At the same time, another white boy, named George James was also adopted. The first boy was called Jim Brandon. James they called the "Ear of the Potawatomi." These two men became government employees and managed the whole reservation. Presently it became apparent that they were robbing the tribe, and an Indian named Wakwa'boshkûk or "Roiley-water," a chief of the Fish clan, drew a petition to have them removed from the rolls, and took it to Washington. The Indian Commissioner said that it was all right, and a letter was sent to the agent ordering him to investigate the complaint, and to remove the two men if it was true.



As soon as the two white-men heard of this, they went to each Indian on the Reserve, and said, "Do you hate us personally?" Almost every one said, "No," so then the white-men had them sign a paper to that effect. Only one man refused, saying that the twain were robbing his people, and they told him that he was the only man in the Potawatomi tribe, and shook hands with him. An inspector was sent out who called a council and asked for a standing vote, but only a very few had the courage to stand and vote against the men. Later the two whites called on each of these, and persuaded them that they were not stealing from the tribe.

The Citizen band objected however, and presently soldiers were sent who ordered them to move to Oklahoma in twenty-four hours. They also told these two whites to leave or else take their allotments of 160 acres each, which they were told they could have if they could persuade the Indians to accept allotments too. So they persuaded many. They dealt with a man named Blandin, and later, when a law was passed that the land could be sold, Blandin got half the Reservation for a song. In the end he lost his mind, and one of the others died in his buggy. This was their reward from the Great Spirit for defrauding their friends and benefactors, and it also shows that in any dealings with white-men the Indians always get the worst of it.

#### THE STORY OF A FAITHFUL WIFE

A Potawatomi named One-noise was once captured by the Kiowa and taken off to the west. Although his horse wandered back, no one could find his body, so the Indians all gave him up as dead. His wife, however, told the men that they were no warriors, and that she would go and hunt for him herself. She followed the trail to the battle ground, and found the path of the victorious Kiowa. She followed that until she heard the noise of a drum. She kept on all night and the next day, coming, late in the afternoon, to a creek bottom, she staked her horse and dried her blanket about three miles from the camp of the enemy. There she rested until late in the evening, when she heard the drum once more. Then she mounted her horse and went as close to the camp as she dared.

At the Kiowa camp she saw a great fire with a crowd dancing around it. As she was wrapped close in her blanket like many of the enemy she approached and joined them. She saw her man spread-eagled, that is, tied by the outstretched hands and feet to a post. She could hardly restrain herself from rushing in, but she held back and

managed to raise her blanket while the men were gathering wood, so that her husband saw and recognized her. He said nothing, but bowed his head so that she knew he was aware of her presence. Then she went to one side and lay down. Little by little the dance slackened for the Kiowa, very tired from all their fighting and dancing broke up early and went to bed. The woman was resolved either to save her husband or to die with him, so she made a prayer to the Great Spirit, begging Him to help her by causing the Kiowa to fall asleep.

Eight men were left to guard the captive Potawatomi, and in a little while the fire died down and they slept also. The woman now walked up to the stake and cut her husband's bonds, but he was too stiff and sore to walk, so she took him on her back and carried him, stepping over the guards. She went to a horse, cut its picket rope, tied that on the horse's nose for a bridle, and setting her man on its back, she led it to her own horse. They got to a creek about dawn, and by this time the man was able to dismount and bathe, though still scarcely able to walk. The woman made a saddle of her blanket by cutting it up, and stuffing it with buffalo grass. This she tied on the captured horse and placing her husband on her own horse, rode the other.

They fled as fast as they could, but, at dawn, when they approached some mountains, they could see the Kiowa pursuing them. They swam a great river, and, when night overtook them camped at an unexpected hollow, where other Indians were encamped not far away. Early in the morning, they set out for home again, having had no food. Soon they saw two men approaching on horse back who had bridles that were mounted in silver like those of the Potawatomi. The woman waved to them and when they came over and dismounted, she found that one of them was her uncle who was mourning for her. He gave his horse to her husband to ride, and they all went back together. When they reached the village they first of all told the people they had been pursued by the Kiowa, and a war party went out to meet the enemy. They found that the Kiowa had discovered another of their village sites where there were at the time, only old men, women and children, and were attacking it. The Potawatomi charged at the same time as the Kiowa and succeeded in killing many and chased the rest away.

This woman was the first Potawatomi woman to earn the title of *Watâsä'kwäo*, or "Brave-woman." Thereafter she always went to war with the men. Captured Kiowa said that they had indeed

noticed her at the fire where her husband was held, but they thought that she was one of their own people, and so had not watched her.

#### WHY THE POTAWATOMI HAVE NO WOMAN CHIEFS

There was once a chief's daughter who had a dream about her future in which she saw her marriage, and there was expounded for her the way in which a woman should live. This dream came to her about the age of puberty, and she afterwards grew up, and fell in love with a chief's son, who married her. For a long time they lived with the old chief, her husband's father. When they gave a big feast, this girl used to rise and tell the multitude how a woman should live, and what it was to be virtuous. That she should never quarrel with nor be jealous of her husband, but always have food and clean clothes ready for him when he returned from the hunt, no matter how late it was. All the people liked her talk, and answered her, saying: "You speak the truth," and she became great among the people.

Now it happened that after this woman had had four children she fell in love with another man, and preferred him to her own husband. He courted her secretly, and they decided to elope. In those days it was the law among the Potawatomi that if a woman who was married ran off with another man, her husband might pursue and kill them both, and there was none to call for vengeance. So they bided their time until the tribe was about to go on a great communal buffalo hunt while waiting for the spring rains to bring up the garden stuff that they had all planted. Then the people would be gone two or three weeks.

Two days before the date announced for starting, the woman pretended to fall sick and die. In those days certain of the clans still buried their dead in trees or on scaffolds, and this was done. A certain woman was appointed to care for her body, to dress her in her robe, and sew her up in rawhide. She was placed on a scaffold near the village, and everyone mourned for four days, then they left for the hunt. The lover had already been gone two days, taking two horses with him. When all the people had departed, he returned, climbed up on the scaffold, cut off the rawhide wrapping and released the woman. He made the bundle look just as it had before, and then the two lovers fled out of the country. In time the man was missed, but no one suspected him at all.

The couple fled to another tribe where they changed garments, the woman masquerading as a man, and the man as a woman, for

both had long hair. They were not suspected, and, after years had gone by, they went among the Sauk, and the woman shaved her head like a Sauk warrior and wore the roach. When they had lived among the Sauk for a long time, they thought that it was safe to go back among the Mascoutens once more, so they returned on a visit.

It happened that one of the first lodges in which they were invited to eat was that of the deserted husband. The man was still in mourning, for he had dearly loved the woman, and the children were grown a little. While they were eating together, suddenly one of the children, a little girl began to cry. "What is the matter?" asked her father. "Why, that man looks just like my mother. I am sure it is my mother." The father was surprised. "Oh! don't say that," he said. "Yes," persisted the child, "It is my mother. I know her by the dimple in her face."

"What is the matter here?" asked the supposed Sauk warrior.

"Why, she thinks that you are her mother," answered the man.

"Then her mother must have worn a warrior's roach," said the woman, laughing, but she was worried, and left the lodge at once. She told her lover that she feared trouble, but he laughed at her. The child was not satisfied, so she crept up to the stranger's wigwam that night, and watched them in the moonlight. The couple slept naked, and she saw that the supposed warrior was a woman. The little girl ran back and told her father, who would not believe her, but her eldest sister went with her and looked and was convinced. The next day the father invited the warrior to go swimming, and he consented, but he would not remove his garments, and enter the water. That night the father climbed the tree where his wife had been buried, and found out that the body was not there. He at once went and told his father-in-law the chief his suspicions.

"If this thing can possibly be true," said the chief, "I will empower you to punish them in any way that you like."

The chief invited the chief of the Sauk and four of his braves and two chief women to a feast. He asked these guests who this couple really were, and the Sauk replied that they did not know. The couple had come to live with them several years before, and did not speak Sauk, only broken Potawatomi, and they had supposed that they were Ottawa. "When they came they had a bald-faced mare and a good roan horse," said the chief of the Sauk. "They traded the horse to a white-man." Then the Potawatomi remembered that these were two horses that this woman's lover had formerly owned. One of the father's

sons rode over to see the white-man, and found that he still had the horses, also a saddle blanket that he knew, and the robe that the woman had been buried in. Furthermore the white-man's wife was still wearing the very moccasins that his mother had been buried in.

Meantime the guilty couple became suspicious, and fled. They were pursued and captured on a little creek. The chief's brother came up as though to shake hands with the supposed Sauk brave, but, when he had the other's hand in his, he threw him down, pulled up his shirt, and behold, he had the breasts of a woman. Then they stripped the other and found that the one they had taken for a woman was a man. So the chief killed them both, and sent a herald over to the village to announce to the people that they were summoned to visit the place and inspect the bodies.

Everyone was amazed, and said again and again, "What is there that a woman won't do?" The Sauk had departed and knew nothing of it. The Potawatomi brought home the corpse of the woman and buried it in the very tree where she had been buried before, and the man they interred under the roots. This was an example to all women, they said, for who can tell what a woman will do? Therefore, from that time on, it was decided that no woman could hold the office of tribal chief, even if she was in the hereditary line. This woman broke all the rules. She even went so far as to eat with men when she was undergoing her periods, and went right among the bundles. In this manner she had injured the whole tribe, and had ruined many young people.

All this story is written in picture writing on a deerskin in a bundle that Kibus owns in Kansas. This woman once owned this very bundle herself. It is a sacred bundle of the Fish clan, one of several that the clan owns.

#### A LEGEND OF LAKE KOSHKONONG, WISCONSIN

At Lake Koshkonong, the Sauk once got into terrible trouble. The enemy trapped them on an island from which they could not escape, as it was partially surrounded by a swamp. Hence Koshkonong was given a bad name. Years later, the Prairie Potawatomi still dwelt near its shores, and no Indian dared to attempt to cross the lake in his canoe. Yet, up to the time that John Nuwi (our informant) lived there, no one had heard of any white-man coming to grief. It was unlucky only for Indians.

Near the narrows of the lake rises a high rocky hill, and near it is an island upon which the Indians camped when trapping muskrats.

On the west side of the hill there was a place where no Indian could cross, all who attempted it were sure to be drowned.

One time there were two Potawatomi, brothers, who concluded that the story was false. These men were the brothers of one Ná'i, and, one day, starting in opposite directions they set out to circumnavigate the lake in their canoes. All the Indians watched them in fear. Soon a big wind arose, and it was so fierce that it even blew the flying ducks down into the water. All those in camp sang for good luck for the two boys, but they did not return at night.

The next day John Nuwi and his father went to a white-man's house that stood on a hill, and inquired if the boys had passed that way. They found the embers of a camp fire with a wooden bowl and some bones and fur of muskrats beside it. They took the bowl and went up to the house to inquire, and were told that the two boys had indeed been there the day before, and had crossed as far as the center of the lake, after which the white people had not seen them again. The woman there said that her people had noticed that something always happened to any Indian who tried to cross. This surprised the Indians, who admitted that it had long been a saying among their own people.

Nuwi's father wanted to cross at the narrows, nevertheless, rather than to go back the long way which they had come. The narrows were not more than a quarter of a mile wide, and, though Nuwi did object, they started. Halfway over the wind rose, and the water acted as though some monster were swirling in it. The waves came into the canoe, and the Indians had to bail with their wooden bowl. When they were nearly across their canoe sank, and they had to swim ashore.

The two boys who set out the day before were never heard of again. The Indians sang sacred songs that night, and later found the two canoes capsized. Still later white-men told them that they found the boys' bodies floating in the lake with white clay in their nostrils, a sure sign that a water monster had drowned them. All Indians are afraid of Lake Koshkonong to this day.

#### PLACE NAMES

The following place names in Wisconsin and Illinois were translated by Nuwi and Wa'pûkâ. Others were so corrupt as to be impossible of identification, or, as is often the case, were of Menomini, Meskwaki, Sauk, Ojibway, or even Winnebago origin, and so not intelligible. The Ojibway tongue is of the same branch of the Algonkian stock as

Potawatomi, and consequently nearly the same, so that most Ojibway words are recognizable to a Mascoutens after a little study. Menomini, Sauk, Meskwaki, and Kickapoo belong to another branch of Algonkian, related to the Cree, and are often therefore, unintelligible. Winnebago is of the Siouan stock, and wholly foreign to all the rest. Apparently Forest Potawatomi is more archaic, and much more closely related to Ojibway and Ottawa than is Mascoutens. It is not always understood by the latter.

Nashota	<i>Nisho'ta</i> , "The Twins."
Wauwatosa	<i>Wawato'sä</i> , "What-he-works-for," or, "What-he-earns."
Okauchee	<i>Okatci</i> , "Something Small."
Kenosha	<i>Kinoshä'</i> , "A Pickerel."
Milwaukee	<i>Mänä'wa</i> , "A Suck-hole."
Waukesha	<i>Wäkush'a</i> , "A Fox."
Muskego	<i>Mûski'gwä</i> , "A Sunfish."
Waubesa	<i>Wapîshkä</i> , "White Foam."
Kegonsa	<i>Kigónsäs</i> , "A Little-fish."
Mendota	<i>Mäntóka</i> , "Snake-maker."
Monona	<i>Manóman</i> , "Wild Rice."
Ashippun	<i>Ä'shpûn</i> , "A Raccoon." (In Menomini the word for Raccoon is <i>Ä'sipûn</i> , which seems nearer the anglicized form.)
Waupaca	<i>Wápûkâ</i> , "Looking", a famous Bald Eagle clan personal name.
Keesus	<i>Kisó'bîs</i> , "Sun Lake." <i>Ki'sûs</i> is "Sun."
Kewaskum	<i>Kiwä'shkûm</i> , "Turning-back-on-his-tracks."
Manitowoc	<i>Mänito'wûk</i> , "Power-of-the-Spirit," or "Spirits."
Kewaunee	<i>Kiwa'ni</i> , "A Prairie-chicken."
Algoma	<i>Á'goma</i> , "A Snow-shoe."
Waupun	<i>Wa'pan</i> , "A White-wave." Compare with Menomini <i>Wa'pan</i> , "East."
Packwaukee	<i>Päkwä'we</i> , "It-is-shallow."
Waukegan	<i>Wakshi'gan</i> , "Crooked-leg", or "Crooked-hip."

## TISHA

There were once four brothers, the youngest of whom was named Tisha. They were very poor and pitiful, and were even destitute of clothing, so that Tisha used to hunt everywhere for something to wear, even a bit of skin. They used to go to the woods and peel off the inner bark of the blackberry bushes to eat. They slept in the forest without anything over them.

One night as Tisha slept by himself, someone came to him, saying that he would help him. Tisha did not know who it was, but he understood him, and was glad. "You must do everything that I tell you," said the stranger, "or else my charm won't work right, and there will be no use in my making friends with you. I am now going back where I came from, but, in four days time I will return to this very spot, and I want you to be here all alone. You will like what I am going to tell you, and you will find that I will be your friend sure if you will obey me."

Tisha agreed to what he was told and went home. He did not tell his brothers one word about what had happened, but, on the fourth day he started for the rendezvous. He found his man all dressed in beautiful clothes. They greeted each other, and the man said: "Well, my friend, I am going to make you a chief. First, I am going to build a boat, and I want you to pace off its length. As soon as it is done it will start to travel, right here on the land."

Tisha paced off the size that he desired, and as they stood, there appeared before them a great sailing vessel. They got on board and it immediately started to go, right over the earth. They had not gone far before they saw a man lying down with his ear to the ground, listening. Tisha stopped the vessel and asked what he was doing.

"Oh! I am listening to hear the corn grow, to see whether we are going to have food this year," he answered.

"Hau," answered Tisha, "Get in our boat and travel with us."

The man responded with alacrity, and they sailed on until after a while they saw another man shooting up into the air. They could see no target, and the man paid no attention to them, so Tisha stopped his ship and asked him what he was shooting at, as they could see nothing.

"Of course you can't see anything," replied the man, "I am shooting at birds that are flying away up there."

Tisha commanded him to get in, and he did so, and they sailed



off once more. Presently they came to a man digging a hole, and Tisha asked him what he was doing.

“Why I am getting dirt to eat, it tastes good, its so salty.”

Tisha ordered him into the vessel, and they sailed off as before.

Not far away they came across a man who was racing like the wind. Tisha asked him what he was doing, and he replied, “Oh! I have been chasing rabbits, but I go so fast that when they dodge I overrun them, so I am about to tie some rocks on my legs to hold me back.”

“Oh! you have to work too hard for a living, jump into our boat and go with us.” The man obeyed, and they went on, until the boat all at once began to slow down. They wondered what was the matter, for the wind was still blowing briskly. Suddenly they saw someone’s buttocks before them. “Hold on, what are you doing?” cried Tisha.

“I am holding you back because I don’t like the way that you are sailing. You think that you are great, but know that I have power too. I have been blowing you back.”

So Tisha made peace with him by inviting him into the boat and they sailed on. After a while they came to a town, so they hid the boat on the outskirts and walked towards it until they met a man who said: “I am glad to see you. I shall tell the chief that you are here, and no doubt he will want to see your leader.” The man reported that Tisha was too ragged to be anyone, but the chief himself came and took Tisha back with him. The chief wanted Tisha to gamble with him, and offered to bet him all his men against his boat and his companions that one of his own retainers would eat more meat than any of Tisha’s people. Tisha agreed, so the chief had two beeves killed and roasted, and judges were appointed. When all was ready, Tisha called on the Dirt-eater to contest, and he soon finished his beef and went over and began to help his rival with his. The chief admitted that he had lost and gave Tisha five hundred soldiers.

Next the chief bet him five hundred more soldiers against those that he had lost that he had a foot racer who could beat any of Tisha’s party. The chief had a woman to run for him, and Tisha called upon the Rabbit-catcher to help him out. They ran out of sight and then the woman got Tisha’s man to sit down and talk. She put a rock under his head, and began to lull him, and he fell asleep, so she put a great rock on his head and ran back. The farsighted one saw it happen, and told Tisha, who told the long shooter, and he shot the rock off the runner’s head waking him. The runner began to race and the blower

blew the woman back, so the woman lost, and Tisha had a thousand soldiers.

Tisha now set out to inspect the town with his army. He found vast piles of bones everywhere, belonging to others who had entered these contests before, and who had lost and forfeited their lives. The Boat-maker said, "Let us get up a new game." So, on Tisha's order the runner threw an iron ball in the air, and the blower blew it very high, while Tisha cried, "You had better jump up or that ball will fall on you." All the bones came together at once, and before the ball descended the people were alive. Tisha made them a speech, and said that he was going to destroy this wicked town, because it was Wi'sakä's place, and Wi'sakä was the devil. He set his soldiers to work, and they burned the place and all its inhabitants. They killed Wi'sakä the chief, and the Blowing-man had his dog eat the remains and then run around the ocean and vomit them up so that he could not come back. The blood sprang up, and he had to be killed again. This time the dog licked up the blood also and carried that away. Wi'sakä has remained across the northern ocean ever since.

Tisha and his men got in the boat, and they started to sail. From that time on Tisha was a sailor, and sailed with his guardian who was a Frenchman. Ever after Tisha was a noted man among the Indians.

#### THE CLEVER OLD MAN AND THE TRADER

An old man, a great drunkard, named Pämwätûk, or "Crying-as-he-goes," a brother of Wábênäs, or "White-bird," both of the Bald Eagle clan, formerly lived in Wisconsin. White-bird used to get his whiskey of a certain white trader, who cheated him unmercifully, but who was a great friend of the old man, just the same. He used to bring in maple sugar for exchange for groceries and much liquor. He and his wife, who loved to drink also, would pack their horse and start for home, very noisily so that all the Indians laughed when they heard them coming.

Once they were nearly out of sugar, so the old man took some fine white sand, dried it out, and filled a woven sack half full. Then he put the sugar in another sack, and told his wife that he was going to see what he could do with the trader. When he reached town he tied his horse and poured his sugar on the sand in the other sack, and hid the second bag. Then he came in, selected what the trader would allow him for the sugar, getting a gallon of whiskey and some goods. The trader was pleased with the sugar which was white and of the first

run. He told the old man to dump it in a box in the rear of the store, after he had weighed it. So the old man went in, poured out the sugar, and threw the sand through the window, and went away, rejoicing. He came home drunk, and told his wife how he had beaten the trader, and that he intended to beat him again. His wife feared that he would be caught and punished, and wanted to know how he could do it again, but he laughed, and would not tell her.

The old man went out and soon saw a young man kill a dog for a feast. He begged him for the entrails, and said that he wanted them to bait fox traps. In this way he obtained a large quantity of offal from the other Indians. He returned home and collected the refuse in a brass kettle. He then went close to the white settlement, and there found a tall tree with a hollow near the top. He sent for his grandson and had him climb up and deposit the offal in the hollow, which was deep. As soon as the weather grew warm he went over and found that the tree was swarming with flies, so he approached his white trader friend and offered to tell him where there was a bee tree for a price. As the white-man was fond of honey he paid him well, and hired him to help chop down the tree, only to find a horrible odor and a vast swarm of flies. The Indian sympathized with the white-man and told him that at a distance the flies fooled him, too.

Finally the old Indian's horse died. He skinned it, stuffed the skin and stood it up near the White-man's store late in the evening. He had his own live horse near by. Then he sold the horse to the white-man and substituted the skin. He went home and got very drunk on the money, but the next day when the trader, who had found out the substitution, came to remonstrate with him, the old Indian reminded him that he had sold him a horse, but had given no guarantee that the horse was alive.

So all the trader could do was to laugh and call it square.

## BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES

### BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF SAM BOSLEY

Samuel Derosier, native name Wa'pükä, or "Watching," of the Bald Eagle clan, Wabash band, of the Mascoutens, is popularly known as Sam Bosley, this name having been given him as a small boy by the teachers in a Friend's Mission School. The good missionaries, not being able to understand the language of the children who were sent to them, made no attempt to learn their real names. They renamed them, for

school purposes, often after famous people, quite without regard to the fact that the boys or girls might be brothers and sisters. Inasmuch as these names often stuck to the bearers, it often caused endless confusion later in life, when William Penn, Abraham Lincoln, and Jesse James, born of the same mother had difficulty in proving relationship. This sample of these names is not exaggerated. The writer actually knew or knew of men bearing these titles, to say nothing of U. S. Grant, Henry Clay, and other celebrities. When "Bosley" received the name that still clings to him, the missionaries were evidently out of celebrities.

Bosley is a Carlisle graduate, a musician of no mean ability and claims to be conversant with seventeen languages, among which are: English, Potawatomi, Sauk, Muskwaki, Kickapoo, Shawnee, Ottawa, Ojibway, Forest Potawatomi or Nanosiu, Osage, Kansa, Ponca, Omaha, Comanche (?), and the sign language. He speaks most of these tongues, which are mainly Algonkian and Cegiha Siouan, very well, and has a smattering of the Tciwere Siouan, that is Ioway, Oto, and Winnebago.

Bosley, although a Mascoutens born in Kansas, lives with the Kickapoo near McLoud, Oklahoma, where he enjoys much of the status of a chief. Troubles, both over land deals, and religious matters, have estranged him with the people of his origin, among whom, he nevertheless has a goodly number of friends, and relatives. Bosley has always been a religiously inclined man, and has a wonderful memory. His delight in learning and retaining rituals proving of great value in the writing of this work. Brought up to young manhood as a fullblood and a "pagan," he joined everything open to him in the search of "truth," with the exception of the Medicine Lodge, with the members of which body he quarrelled on the evening of initiation. He later became a convert of the Roman Catholic Church, then reverted to the older ways and joined the Dream Dance, which he in turn discarded for the Peyote cult, of which he is now a leader, and in which he firmly believes that he has found light at last.

Another peculiar fact about Bosley is his extraordinary tendency towards femininity, which, a generation earlier would no doubt have led to his adoption of female dress and customs in toto. As it is, he is an expert maker of moccasins and other Indian garments and a fine bead and silk-ribbon applique worker. There are numerous stories current about his temporary adoption of woman's garb and ways. He is very feminine in appearance, and, like all members of the Peyote

cult, wears his hair in two very long braids woven with scarlet ribbon, of which he is extremely proud. Yet he claims to have been married more than once, and to have at least one surviving child.

Mr. Bosley has acted as interpreter for Mr. M. R. Harrington of the Staff of the Museum of the American Indian, Heye Foundation, of New York, to whose courtesy the writer is indebted for an introduction to him. He served the writer as interpreter among the Oklahoma Kickapoo and Kansas Potawatomi in 1923, and finished the season by returning for a sojourn of a month or more in Milwaukee, where he furnished the major portion of the information recorded here.

He is an expert informant on Potawatomi lore, but a word of caution should be uttered to those seeking his services. Mr. Bosley is simply obsessed with the idea that all Indians are identical in culture with the Potawatomi and in their customs, except, perhaps, for very small variations here and there. He cannot be regarded as a reliable informant upon any of the other people with whom he has associated, although his good faith, and his ability as an interpreter are not to be questioned.

The following biographical sketch was furnished by himself:

“My mother was a Mascoutens woman of the Wabash band who was given in marriage to a Frenchman named Derosier by her uncle, Mokêciwan, “Water-starting” or “bubbling-out,” of the Ocean clan, who lived in Michigan. My father accompanied the Potawatomi to Kansas on their removal, and lived on her allotment. He was a store-keeper at Holton, Kansas.

“One day a dog crawled under the store to seek the shade, while some passing strangers were trading there. When they left the dog remained. A neighbor took it away, and, when my father went after it, they quarrelled, and the neighbor shot him dead.

“My mother went back to the Reserve at Mayetta, and there married an Indian, and I was raised as a fullblood. My brother used to say to me: ‘Whatever you do, be honest to the Indian people, and do not scorn their ways.’

“I never fasted longer than four days at a time. I had no dream until after my mother died, when I dreamed of the Merman who dwells in the ocean. I did not fast again after this, and it was because I dreamed of the ocean and its inhabitants that I was never able to raise a family successfully; at least so the Potawatomi say.

“When I was a boy, I went with my people on a hunt that took us into Oklahoma on the river which we call Tcikaskia. We cut pecan

trees there for sale to the whites which was against the law, and took the wood to trade at Arkansas City, Kansas. After a while the soldiers came and arrested all fifteen lodges of us. As I was the biggest boy, the officer in charge of the soldiers sent me alone on foot across wild country for sixty miles, to Pawhuska to report to his superiors. I made the trip successfully, in spite of the hostile Osage, in whose country I travelled, and they paid me sixty dollars for the trip. Eventually the Potawatomi were all turned loose with a warning, but the children were kept and sent to school.

“My two brothers and I were placed at Kaw Agency, but my sister who had remained in Kansas, was not captured. At Kaw, later on, I worked as a fireman in the Government saw mill, and then as a teamster hauling logs to Grayhorse, for the Government was then building homes for the Osage and Kansa. When smallpox broke out among the Osage, the doctor took me to interpret, but he didn't like it, and was afraid, so he left and started a store, with me as interpreter.

“After a while I quit there, and served as Disciplinary at the Sac and Fox Agency at Stroud. There I married a Sauk woman. About this time, Major Hayworth, who was in charge of the Government Indian Schools sent for me, and said that I had to go back to school. I agreed, providing they would let the Sauk girl go with me, so we were both sent to Lawrence, Kansas, where there were a number of Potawatomi, and some Pawnee and Ponca. I quarrelled with my Sauk girl, and ran away, going back to Mayetta.

“There I married a Potawatomi girl, and when they sent for me again I refused to go back to school. After a while I went to Wisconsin, near Arpin, where I stayed four years, and then returned once more to my sister at Mayetta. Thence I went to Oklahoma, where I married another Sauk but I left her again and returned to Kansas, where I again married a Potawatomi.

“Finally the Dream Dance started among my people and I was made head singer. I also acted as waiter for many bundles and clan feasts. I was much interested in the Dream Dance, and finally I went to Minnesota to find the woman who was said to have originated it, and who, it was believed, had wonderful God-given clairvoyant powers. The Potawatomi tried to discourage me, but I was determined to go, for they had already lost the principal idea of the dance, which was to worship God, and worshipped this woman. My wife had died, leaving me with a son whom I entrusted to my relatives. I sold my horses and all I had, for I wanted to find out from this holy woman how to pre-

serve my boy's life. I went to Leech Lake, but they told me I must look farther west. Then I went to White Earth and saw the ceremony as it was performed there. Again I was sent farther west. I went then to Devil's Lake, thence to Prairie Lake and thence westward by sledge, where I found a longhaired Frenchman who was married to an Ojibway woman, and who not only spoke Ojibway, but followed Indian ways. He took an interest in me, and he was the keeper of the drum at that place. He filled a pipe, gave it to me and asked me why I had come so far. I told him that I had come to see this wonderful woman who was worshipped by my people. He laughed, and said that she was not immortal, as was claimed, but that she had been dead a long time. He said that the ceremony was only a sort of graft, and that the Ojibways danced it only for pleasure. It had worked eastward through the Ojibway to Ashland, Wisconsin, and thence to my people, the Potawatomi of the Forest, who in turn introduced it to the Mascoutens.

"This opened my eyes, and I returned to Kansas. I told everyone on the way, and after I reached there that it was all a lie. In this way I got myself into trouble, and became disliked by the Ojibway and the Potawatomi, who did not wish to hear the truth. Then I told them that the bundles, which were started by the devil, Wi'sakä, and made by themselves, were wicked, and led to bloodshed, and that anyone who worshipped anything made by himself, was a fool. So they disliked me.

"My boy died, and I married another Potawatomi girl and had a daughter, after which we parted. Then I started for Mexico where I joined the Mexican Kickapoo for a time. About this time I was robbed of my land holdings in Kansas by the agent there. There was a lot of this going on, the Kickapoo in particular suffered, and Major MacLaughlin was called in to investigate. I interpreted for him, for four years. Although I was offered many bribes, I never falsified.

"They even had a false Mexican official come and say that Mexico had offered all the Kickapoo land down there, and show the papers. They gave me money, but I turned it over to the Government, and finally a real Mexican delegate came and disclaimed these fraudulent deeds. The white claimants fled and the Kickapoo got back their land. They were also paid for the use of it. This was about 1907. Ever since then the Kickapoo have liked me, and I have lived with them."

This account of Bosley's life, which is all too brief, does not mention his years at Carlisle under Major Pratt, nor his travels as a

trick musician with a vaudeville troupe, which took him over many portions of the United States.

Since the above account was written, word has been received from McCloud, Oklahoma, that Bosley died in that locality on March 8th, 1924.

#### BIOGRAPHIC NOTE ON JOHN NUWI

John Nuwi, native name Mji'kwûs, or "The-first-born," served as the writer's informant for the notes on the Medicine Lodge and some other ceremonies, and also gave the greater part of the myths and folklore recorded. He claimed to be at least ninety years old in June, 1923, and said that he was born near Fort Dearborn, Chicago. He belonged to the Fish clan, and was a member of the Duck Band of the Mascoutens.

Early in life his people moved northward to the site of Milwaukee, and he dwelt for some years in the Potawatomi (Mascoutens) village that was situated on the high sand hill that formerly stood between Eighth and Ninth Streets on the south and north, and Wells St. and Grand Ave. on the east and west, the land now occupied by the Public Museum building. This village was named for its chief, Nawakwê'shkûm, or "Walking-at-noon," a member of the Loon clan. There was another Mascoutens village on the lake shore, not far away, under Mâkesít, or "Big-foot."

At this time the Sunfish Band at the Muskego Lakes was under two chiefs, Senájuwan, "Water-splashing-the-rocks" of the Great Sea clan, and Kapo'nkä, "The-winter-god," of unknown clan. At Chicago, the chiefs were Wabansi, Wapiki'zhik, "The-white-sky," and Wapsé, "The-white-deerskin," who was the one responsible for the sale of their Illinois lands and the movement to Kansas. In addition to these men, Miámis, "The-little-Miami," of the Man clan, (Wabash Band?), and Miánsit or "No-good," were leaders or chiefs of the district from Chicago southward. Wamê'gêsiko, "The-white-wampum" of the Loon clan, held sway at Manitowoc, Wis. The interpreter at Milwaukee was a French half-breed, who had been dubbed "Kwä-so'sä", or "Woman-Joseph," because of his cowardice. Near Madison was a notable Indian named "Snake-maker," or Mäntóka, for whom a lake, Mendota, was named.

At a later time, Nuwi moved with his parents to Kiwä'shkûm, or "Goes-back-on-his-tracks," the name of a notable man of the Bear clan and he also trapped and camped on Lake Koshkonong from time



to time. The name of this body of water being Kóshkoínak, "The-place-where-they-were-trapped," in Mascoutens, and has reference to the fate of a body of Sauk Indians in some forgotten war.

Nuwi married a woman of the Prairie people who had holdings in Kansas, but was not among those who were removed by the government to Mayetta, as his people fled northward to escape the removal. He wandered around northern Wisconsin, staying a while with the Forest Potawatomi, but eventually gravitating to a band of his own people colonized at Arpin, Wis. where he still dwells.

When Nuwi was a grown man with two children, his wife died, and, while he was in mourning, his sister said to him: "If you want to prove yourself a man, you can do as our people were brought up to do." (That is, fast for a prophetic revelation.) His account taken verbatim, follows:

"I went to fasting, and on the ninth day thereafter I heard a voice above me, speaking. I thought, 'Why is death? My wife was young and I am young, and we had two children. Why has this come upon us?' Therefore this voice answered my thoughts; 'Yes,' said the voice 'You have found out the right thing to do. Death came from the east. People brought it upon them by crime away off east where the Potawatomi come from.'

"I do not know who it was that spoke to me, but I think it was the Great Spirit. He has spoken to me whenever I was in great trouble or when anything went wrong with me. If I only fast eight or nine days the truth always comes to me. I am of the nature of a prophet, it seems. Once a girl died in our village, and her people mourned until I started out west by myself. As I walked along I heard the voice of a person saying: 'Hau.' All I saw was a white hand. I shook it, but I saw no body. It must have been the Great Spirit again. It comforted us all.

"At another time I was witched, and became very sick. I was nearly dead, and they put me out under a bough arbor to die. I was conscious, and thought of my dream, and of the Great Spirit. All at once I saw a person standing in the air, who said: 'It is me. I have been sent here to help you.' His hand and his body alike looked white and clean and nice. It was the very person I had dreamed of before. After this vision had vanished, I saw a beautiful woman with long flowing hair, and wings. I decided that these were the angels that I had heard about. They came and seized hold of me and carried me up in the air. I could see my house, and my body lying there beneath

me, and yet I was in another place with them. They carried me to a door in the sky where an Indian stood who blessed me. I could hear his words plainly, and I could see him burning tobacco. He said:

“‘I am the one who spoke to you in your vision. You are not to die so soon. I am the man, I am human. Pay more attention to your drum, and, when you are in trouble, think of me. Give a feast, and burn tobacco to remind me and your dead, (here he mentioned their names), that I was sent to you by the Great Spirit who created us all. Now you can see what I am like.’

“‘This person then showed me those who did not depend on him in their lives on one side, and on the other, those who did. These latter were very old, the former were young. ‘Go on now, and do as I tell you,’ he said, ‘And you will live a long life.’

“‘What have I done that is wrong that this sickness was sent me?’ I asked him, ‘Is it because I have not followed the warbundles, nor desire to be a Brave?’

“‘No,’ answered the person, ‘I do not want you to kill, but to be strong and live a good true life.’

“‘Six women and six men came again and smiled at me. The being said to me, ‘These winged people are to be your guides. Follow them, and do as you have been doing. Lead an honest life. These women are your mothers and the men are four brothers. Now, treat everyone well when you go back. This is a blessing to you. Tell all your people why you deny the teachings of the bundle owners. Always do this.’

“‘So I have done, but people have sneered at me and called me a coward. He told me that as I returned, I would see a little hill by the water, and persons bathing there. They, he said, were trying to live a good life. Opposite them I would see many people who were very poorly dressed. These were the ones who followed the bundles. The angels took me back to my body. When I saw it, I did not want to go into it, but they seized me and pushed my soul into my body. I lay there unconscious for a long time. At last my feet, then my hands and arms moved. My aunt, seeing that my lips were parched, wet my mouth. Then I was able to say that I knew her.

“‘I am glad to say that this comes from your fasting’, she told me. ‘Follow your dream, and you’ll live longer.’

“‘Both she and I are still living, and I often think of my dream and go and make a prayer. I am not allowed to stay away from Arpin long, my people need me. I help them in their sicknesses, yet I have

lost some of my own children. Yet, I still pray to and rely upon the Great Spirit."

(Quite obviously this dream is much modified by Christian influence, and has departed a long way from the old time typical dreams of the Mascoutens, as shown elsewhere in this collection of data.)













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The Mascoutens or Prairie  
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